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LETTER TO A FRIEND ON RELIGIOUS
EXPERIENCE.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

WHEN we were last together our conversation turned on the subject of Christian Experience. We were however interrupted by the entrance of others, while both of us had probably much more to say. On most points we were entirely agreed, as, for example, on the supreme importance of religion, and on the necessity of taking a stand in one's own heart and before the world on religious principle. But on other points there was apparently some difference, though I know not that the difference was very material, in the views which we entertained. Trusting, as my apology for thus encroaching on your time, to the interest we both feel in the subject, I venture to continue the conversation in a letter. The two topics on which we seemed most inclined to differ related, first, to the nature of a Christian experience, and secondly, to the system so widely prevalent, by which new converts at the commencement of a religious life are brought forward to narrate in public their religious experiences. These two points may be most conveniently considered separately.

First; as to the individual,—what is meant, when it is said that he has 'experienced religion,' or has 'obtained religion?' I use

these phrases, because they are in such common use. It may be remarked, however, that they are not Scriptural. The word, 'experience,' is not found more than four or five times in the Bible. This of course does not in the least detract from the importance of the ideas which they express. But it shows that there is no peculiar sanctity in the phraseology.

What is meant by experiencing religion? The word, 'experience,' is derived from a Greek word which means—to try—to make trial of—to learn the nature and worth of a thing by trial. He has a religious experience who has learned the worth of religion, not by hearsay and testimony, but by personal trial; that is, by receiving its principles into the heart and applying them to the government of the life. Just so far as a man has tried religion in this way and felt its worth, he has experienced religion, and no further. Except that the subject is of infinitely greater moment, it is like experience in any thing else. An upright man has experience of the worth, of the difficulties, the advantages and satisfactions attending a course governed by principles of integrity. An intemperate man has experience of the evils of intemperance, for he has tried them. And if he reform and become temperate, he learns by experience the worth of temperance. And the experience we have of any principle depends on the fidelity, thoroughness, and length of time in which it has been applied to the life. A man who from youth up has been intemperate, but who last week reformed and resolved to begin a new life, has had a very long experience of intemperance and a very short experience of temperance. A man who from youth up has lived an irreligious life—thought of religion only to trifle with it—lived as if this earth were all—as if man had no soul and the world no God, but who last week by the mercy of heaven was led to a change of heart and life, no matter how great that change, and though it be one which should fill his soul with humble thankfulness, and one over which his friends and the very angels of heaven may, yea, do and must rejoice, yet so far as religious experience is concerned, such a man has had a very long experience of what worldliness can do for him, but a very short and imperfect experience of the worth, the difficulties or the satisfactions of a religious life.

Religion is something not for transient feelings, not for a day or

a week, not for set times and seasons, but for the life. The amount of our experience of religion is in proportion to the degree in which religious principle has controlled our motives, purposes, habits, affections, actions. He has the true experience of religion who is made a better man by it,—better in his business, better in his social relations, more devout, more humble, more grateful to God, more disinterested, more faithful to the strict course of duty among men. Christ saves man by saving him from his sins. The purpose of his religion is to make man better,—to make him good, pure, holy,—to raise his motives, elevate his aims and hopes, purify his heart and life, and through this way of virtue and piety to secure to him an increased, permanent, inward, spiritual happiness. He has had the true experience of the worth and power of religion, who has been not merely moved to fear or hope by it, but who has been made a good man by it—a righteous man by it—a Christian man in heart and life.

In using the phrases—‘experiencing religion’—‘obtaining religion’—they ought to be used with much discrimination. They are sometimes used in that vague way which might almost lead one to suppose that the great work of religion, (which God has made to be a work of progress, of perpetual, and we may hope eternal advance in purity, virtue and holiness,) might be not only begun but consummated in a day. To illustrate this, take the most striking case which can be imagined. Take one who last week was utterly thoughtless of God and duty. This week his soul is changed—is full of devout aspirations, of religious purpose and peace and hope. It is said he has experienced religion—has obtained religion. But what has such a one actually experienced, what obtained? Certainly, a vast deal. He has obtained a view of his actual condition and wants. In the language applied to the prodigal son, he has “come to himself.” He has experienced, has felt the power of Divine truth with such force that he is resolved to forsake his sins and live by the truth, and he feels that inward satisfaction, that joy mingled with trembling, which follows such a change of purpose; feels too that if he be faithful, his sins shall be forgiven and God look on his course with approval. If the change be real, it is the greatest that can take place in life. He has then begun to live, and he will never cease to bless God

that then and there this new and better life begun. But it remains to be proved whether the change be real; he has yet to bring these feelings and purposes to the test. To speak strictly, he has obtained not so much religion, as the beginning of a religious life. He has not gone over the whole of the road that leadeth to heaven—he has but entered on that strait and narrow way. He has obtained Christian purposes: but now comes the more difficult work of reducing these purposes to principles and habits. He has yet to subdue the habits, tastes, feelings, principles, purposes, of his past life to his new principles. When the Scriptures use the strongest language respecting such a change, they call it being “born again;” language which, while it expresses the magnitude of the change, also indicates that so far as this new life is concerned, the man is weak and inexperienced like a little child. His Christian course is but just begun; and time only can show whether it is really begun at all; and the time will never come, we may rejoice to believe, in which greater heights of happiness and holiness shall not appear before him to which he may ascend.

These phrases are liable to give mistaken and altogether too low ideas of the demands of religion. Religion gives birth indeed to emotions, hopes and aspirations which take hold on heaven and heavenly things. But these emotions, however deep, do not constitute a religious character. They may be the beginning, but are not the end. The man is not a religious man, till these feelings have ripened into practical principles, which control the heart within and the life without. The feelings prepare the way for those principles, but they are not those principles, and may exist without them; and at any rate such principles are not at once attained. Take not the whole character, but a single quality, and this is at once seen. Religion demands that a Christian be disinterested. Were one whose heart and habit had been one of selfishness from childhood up, to say that in a day or week he had subdued the power of selfishness and become truly disinterested, that the whole complexion of his feelings and habits had changed, we should be likely to think that he was deceiving himself, or had a very imperfect idea of what disinterestedness was. He may then have resolved to become disinterested and begun to act on disinterested principles. But before disinterestedness shall obtain

a firm seat in his soul, before he shall act from disinterested principles as naturally and uncalculatingly and spontaneously as he did formerly from selfish principles, what time must elapse, and through what struggles and self-denial and discipline he must pass. And yet this is only one of the qualities which go to make up a Christian character. To speak of obtaining religion then at any particular point of time, if any more be meant than that then a religious course commenced, is language liable to lead to great misconception of the nature of religion. If we think we have already obtained enough, we shall not earnestly seek after more. No man is warranted in saying more than Paul. His words are: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The other point on which we disagreed relates to the expression to others of this religious experience. If one is led, seriously and in earnest, to resolve on leading a Christian life, for his own sake as well as for others, it can hardly be doubted, that it is well for him in some way to make a public profession of those new principles by which he intends to live. He ought to do it for his own sake. He has actually changed his ground, and such profession is but making known to others the ground on which he wishes now to stand. Such an avowal of the principles by which he intends to live establishes, and makes more definite to his own mind, those very principles. It saves him from a false position as it respects others. By such avowal, once for all he explains to others his position, and why he sees fit to pursue in many cases a course different from his former one. He saves himself from the necessity of perpetual explanation, and from the inducement to attempt to make old habits which he condemns harmonize with principles which he now approves. If he really desires to be a Christian, he must constantly act out his principles in the world. Let him then avow his principles. He will not then be misunderstood. He will stand firmly; he will be freed from many temptations, his own purposes will be confirmed by this avowal, and if he be sincere, he

will in every respect stand the stronger for it. Then as to others. If he really regard a Christian life as of the first importance to himself and others, it is manifest that his influence ought to be cast decidedly into this scale. He ought not, like the Jewish ruler, merely to go to Jesus by night, but as an encouragement and help to others he ought to avow the principles by which he thinks he ought, and by which he hopes, to live. Here is in part the reason for a public profession of religion. And though it may be done in many ways, practically there is no way more simple, less ostentatious, by which at once, quietly, without assumption, but decidedly it can be done, than by connecting oneself with a church. Without its making any claim to perfection, it is a simple but decisive acknowledgment that one feels it to be his duty, and that it is his purpose, with Heaven's aid, to lead a Christian life. Without words, without pretension, it places him at once on that ground before the world which he hopes and intends to occupy.

Then too there is need of mutual sympathy and encouragement in a religious life as much as in any thing else. It would seem as if sympathy on this subject were as natural as on any. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and if any thing can put abundance into the heart, it is religion." And unless restrained by custom or education, it would seem as natural to express religious emotion and to appeal to religious principle, under proper circumstances, as to express other emotions and to appeal to other principles. Doubtless there are limits to this. One is not to expose his deepest and most sacred feelings at all times to the world's gaze, and there are feelings which ought not to be uttered save to God. It were as wise to pull up the roots of the flowers in one's garden and exhibit them to every passer-by, and expect them still to grow and flourish, as perpetually to pull up and expose one's religious feelings. There is such a thing as secret prayer, and there are many feelings in the heart which ought not to be uttered to the world and ought not to appear save in the life. But still that friends, in the frank and unpremeditated intercourse of friendship, should reveal to each other something of their religious experience, their struggles, their difficulties, their hopes, their satisfactions, would seem equally right and natural and profitable. In such an

intercourse each one gives and gains strength. Of this natural and simple intercourse we all stand in need.

But intercourse on religion is made singularly artificial and formal—something aside from the ordinary intercourse of life, a thing of public address or of private exhortation. Among these formal modes of religious intercourse and influence, respecting which we had some discussion, is the public narration, especially by new converts, of religious experiences. The propriety of this system demands consideration, for every day it is becoming more widely employed, and is made a means of almost immeasurable influence, either for evil or for good.

That it is a most powerful means of exerting influence no one can doubt. We see it not only in religion, but in other things; for example, in the case of the reformed inebriates, where by the power of sympathy and the public narration of personal experiences millions have been lifted out of the grave of intemperance. If I remember right, you referred to this case, as proof of the utility of giving a public account of one's experience in the matter of personal religion.

I cannot, however, think that it furnishes any such proof. The cases are not analogous. Of the many points of difference it is sufficient to mention one. The experience of the reformed inebriate relates to facts about which he cannot be deceived. It goes to this point,—that he was intemperate, and that however difficult, he has had the power to resist the temptation to one particular outward act, namely, the lifting of the intoxicating cup to his lips. It is a single, outward, visible fact, about which there can be no mistake. But the narration of religious experiences relates to spiritual attainments about which there may be very great mistakes. Especially does this apply to the beginning of a religious course, when one may mistake a religious feeling for a settled principle, and by the profession of attainments about which his subsequent life may show that he has acted under a delusion do great harm both to himself and to others. The one kind of experience relates to a particular outward act, the other to the state of one's whole spiritual nature in its relations with man and with God. A system of procedure which may be most useful in

recovering and withholding men from intemperance, may be any thing but useful in promoting the spirit of religion in the soul.

As to the tremendous power of this system, there can be no question. But there are many modes in which man may exert influence over his fellow-man and where the result is all evil and only evil. And the true question here is, not whether the public narration of one's personal experience is a powerful means of exerting influence, nor whether it is a useful one when confined to its proper place, but whether in religion, on the whole and as a rule, it is good for those who thus narrate their experiences or for those who are influenced by this narration.

In the natural shrinking which most men feel to proclaim their deepest religious experiences, it seems as if we might almost see the word SILENCE stamped on them by the Divine hand.

Then there is always great peril in making use of any feeling intentionally as an instrument wherewith to act on the minds of other men. Thus used, there is great danger lest what was once a real and true feeling soon become no feeling at all.

Then it is not safe to use many words respecting our personal spiritual attainments. Let them appear in an improved and improving life. He hazards their existence, who proclaims them much in words. Were one who had been selfish, but who really had become benevolent, to be forward in proclaiming with many words to the public his growth in benevolence and the satisfaction he derived from it, we should feel that his real benevolence was in danger. Better that his left hand had never known what his right hand had been doing. But any real history of one's religious experience must include, not only an account of his growth in benevolence, but in all other Christian excellencies.

Another consideration is this. The public and formal narration of experiences is liable to lead the unreflecting to think that religion consists mainly of certain religious emotions and purposes; for these are what are most likely to be dwelt upon. But these form but a very small part of a true religious experience. He who would narrate his real religious experience must speak not merely of feelings, for all men, even the worst, sometimes have these, (just as the day thickest with clouds has some rents and breaks through which the blue sky looks in,) but he must give an

account of his application of his Christian principles to his daily practice, in the regular duties and avocations and trials of life. Have our religious principles had such control over us, as not only to make us think more of religion, but to live more religiously—such control over us as to make us better men yesterday, to-day, and every day in the particular duties of our place? We must ask not merely whether we have prayed at certain seasons and felt deeply, but whether these feelings have been strong enough to control us, whether in the workshop and the counting-room and on shipboard, in our business competitions and rivalries, in our speculations, in the hazards to which we expose the property of others entrusted to us, in the manner in which we use our gains,—the man in his avocations abroad, the woman in her cares at home,—whether there, just there, where the strain comes upon the character, we have applied our Christian principles to our practice; whether there they have made us more kind and disinterested, more just and useful, more devout and obedient. This is the test of a religious character, and the only test of any worth. Here must be our religious experience, if we have any. But this would be a history of the whole inward and outward life. But in any public narration of one's experience, except that a man might express his general opinion of his own character, this would hardly be referred to. And not being so, the impression is left, that not the life and the real character, but emotions which may be as transient as the cloud and the dew, are the important things in religion.

Then, again, the tendency would seem to be, to lead one to rely too much for his religious hopes on certain states of mind experienced at some particular period, perhaps long ago. Here there is room for much self-delusion. The true question is, what is one's state now, what his life now? By frequently referring to a past time men may easily come to rely upon it as a sufficient foundation for hope, and say, as Cromwell did after a life of ambition and blood, 'Whatever I am now, I was once in a state of grace,' and like him think that sufficient. If one does rely on that past feeling as if then religion had been secured, all peril passed, there is danger lest he should omit religion from his practice and go on as ambitious, as grasping, as worldly, so far as the real life is concerned, as he ever was. He may possibly make the existence of

strong religious feelings in some past time, unconsciously, an apology for the neglect of a really religious life.

And is there not danger lest it interfere with that humility and self-distrust which are such important elements in a Christian character, and indeed in any character of any worth? If one has for a long time led an irreligious life and has but yesterday come to think seriously of his state, and the greatest change is wrought in him, no matter how great the change or how strong the feeling, it would seem as if there must be great humility and self-distrust,—as if, instead of any loud and confident expressions of security, he would be disposed to try his new feelings and see if they are as deep-seated as he thought. If one had led an immoral and corrupt life, and were brought by any circumstances to resolve upon a change, no matter how strong the purpose, we should not think it safe or wise in him to rush forth and proclaim to the world confidently that his past habits had no more dominion over him, that he was now safe and redeemed from them. “A great many good feelings and purposes evaporate and go off in words.” If the feelings are sincere and deep, it would seem as if the first impulse would be, not so much to rejoice in them publicly, as to try them and put them in practice.

Then this system, with all its advantages so far as others are concerned, has also its hazards for others as well as for oneself. If one is in the habit of speaking much of the depth and fervency of his religious feelings, his confidence and assurance of the Divine favor, he will thereby doubtless excite and encourage others. But if his life, which is all that man can see, does not correspond to such feelings, if he is where his interests are concerned just as worldly as before, as little disposed to make sacrifices to duty or for the good of others, no more faithful in his life than those who make no pretensions to such feelings, he is likely to convey one of two very dangerous impressions to the minds of those over whom he has influence,—either that he is himself deceived about his own feelings, or that a man may be religious without doing his duty. Some he will make skeptical as to the sincerity and reality of all religious feelings and professions, while he may lead others to take a most erroneous and low view of what religion is and what it requires.

I have here spoken only of one particular mode among many, in which a man's religious experience may be revealed to others. I should be greatly misunderstood, if from these remarks you should think I would undervalue the importance of religious sympathy. There are times when one longs to give utterance to the feelings which are laboring in his own bosom, and when it is good to utter them. There are times when we crave the support of an encouraging word coming from the Christian experience of others, and happy is he who then receives it. Blessed is that circle of Christian friends where each in sincerity and simplicity upholds the failing hands and encourages the Christian purposes of the other. In such a relation as this they are helpers of each other in their highest interests, and their earthly intercourse is crowned with light and hope from heaven.

There are many ways in which men may promote religion in the world. But it must never be forgotten that after all he who would exert a really religious influence, must do it mainly not by his words but by his life. Words and exhortations are good in their place, but they have comparatively little power. A life, in its sphere, has very great power. It is like the principle of gravitation, which though silent and unseen, acts constantly and all but omnipotently. Where the life is, there is occasion for few words. It speaks for itself. Like a light-house on a dangerous shore, it need not speak to say how much light it might give, how well it is constructed. It speaks not, but it shines—shines steadily through the night and over coast and sea, and every shattered and tempest-driven bark blesses its guiding rays. So amidst the night of earthly trial let the life shine, and it needs not many words to tell its nature or the principles which govern it or their worth. A power will go out from it, sometimes all the greater because it is noiseless. What power in a righteous life! Were all in any community who acknowledge the duty of living a Christian life to live it, were they governed by religious principle, in the family, in business, in all social relations and competitions, what a change would take place! Though little were said, through the power of character upon character, not a generation would have passed away, before we should see amongst us an image of the millenium.

I have written on this subject at greater length than I intended,

and yet there are many topics which I have not touched. Enough however has been said to illustrate what seems to me to be the great point,—that religion is for the life. Religion gives principles, but these principles are intended to do more than excite our hopes and fears. They are to be adopted into the soul, to control its desires and motives, and from the soul to pass into the life. He has experience of the worth of religion, who lives by religious principle, who has such reverence for God that he really seeks his will in order to do it, whose prayers flow out of a penitent, grateful and childlike heart, whose soul is inwardly right before God, and whose life is therefore outwardly right before men. Obedience—doing that which God has given us to do—doing it cheerfully, gladly, faithfully—this is the proper fruit and test of Christian feeling. “He that hath my commandments and keepeth them,” says the Saviour, “he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved by my Father and I will love him and manifest myself to him.”

Very sincerely your friend,

E. P.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

How few people possessed of affluence, or placed above want by living “between the little and the great,” appreciate rightfully the comforts and privileges, which a bounteous Providence has imparted! How few are there, whose hearts swell with pious gratitude for the rich tokens of God’s mercy that are found scattered along the pathway of their experience! It is a fact, that when men are blessed with prosperity they are prone to forget the acknowledgments which are due from them to a Heavenly Father; having abundant resources for good to which they can always turn and find gratification and happiness, they are apt not to recognise the invisible workings of Providence, and become forgetful of their dependence upon Him whose beneficence continually ministers unto his children, though they are heedless of the hand that sustains them. Would it be thus, could such persons see and know the diversities that exist in human life—could they behold

the contrasts that are everywhere to be seen by the practical observer of human society? I will not judge so harshly of mankind as to suppose there are any so destitute of those sympathies which impart grace and loveliness to human character, that they can enter the abodes of poverty and wretchedness and witness the scenes of misery and affliction that occur there, and not be aroused to deeds of benevolence, and filled with pious gratitude towards that good Being who has protected them from the pains and woes that pinch the poor.

I was led to reflections like these by a little incident that occurred in the town of —, where I had been passing a few months of professional labor. As sometimes happens in the varied life of a clergyman, I was called to attend the funeral of an entire stranger; of one whom I had never seen, and by whom I was unknown. Embarrassing as is the occasion of a funeral to a young clergyman entirely ignorant of the family or character of the deceased, this was peculiarly so to me. It was the funeral of one who had died, not in the midst of friends and surrounded by heart-stricken mourners, but cut off entirely from the sympathies of the great world and left to expire in the presence of strangers.

The deceased was a young woman, who, through some fault or misfortune of those whose natural duty it was to protect and fit her for some sphere of usefulness in life, had been brought to close her short life in the poor-house of —. Disease had, as I learned from the matron of the establishment, long been preying upon her. Consumption, that with flattering pains attacks alike the rich and the poor, had been sent to her on its errand of destruction, and she sunk at last under its wasting power. Of her history or her character I knew nothing, save the little I could learn in the few moments of waiting for the assembling of those who were to attend the funeral. Her early days might have been happy; in the period of childhood, perchance, she rejoiced in all the gladness that usually fills the heart of youth. Unconscious of the near approach of poverty and disease, she might have looked forward with hopeful anticipations; animated perhaps by the bright visions which pass in quick succession before the mind of a child when thinking of the future, she might eagerly have awaited the coming of that period when experience should verify, or dissipate her

hopes. The world might have been to her as beautiful as it ever appeared to the eye of innocence ; perchance her heart exulted at the sight of nature's loveliness, as does the heart of simplicity, feasting as it were upon the landscape, never weary of listening to the song of the birds, nor tired of gathering the wild flowers that grow upon the hills and in the fields, types of its own purity. The same heaven might have been around her in infancy that is present to those born in prosperity. But of all this I knew nothing. However it might have been, there was a striking contrast to it all in the scene around me.

Of her last hours, too, I was totally ignorant ; whether she had been conscious of her approaching dissolution, and prepared with Christian resignation and hope to meet the inevitable issue of her disease ; or whether she had been a stranger to the truths which Jesus taught. Whether she died in anxiety and fear, or fell asleep trusting to the power and grace of God to receive her departing soul, I knew not. There she lay, in the coffin which the authorities had according to custom provided for the corpse, covered with a rusty black pall, which had probably performed the same service for many, both old and young, before in that house. Curiosity had summoned, to my surprise in such a place, a large concourse of people to witness the burial ; the inmates of the house, all who could be present, were collected together, some of them old gray-headed men, and others feeble women, bent over by the hard service they had rendered to poverty and sickness, and many of them looking with curiosity upon the young man who had come to pray at the funeral of a pauper.

The service being over, I departed with my companion who had invited me thither. As we passed down the avenue which led to the house from the main road, I saw on one side, in a field adjoining, the rude mounds which distinguish the burial-places of such establishments. A newly-dug grave awaited the coffin of her over whose remains the voice of prayer had just been uttered, and soon after the body was laid side by side with others over whose graves the grass would scarcely grow, as if poverty had followed them thither, and even in death they were not able to escape the marks which it had stamped upon them in life. There was something painfully unpleasant in the thoughts that were sug-

gested by the scene we had witnessed. To die in such a situation and then to be buried by strange hands in so rude a spot, unsheltered by a tree or a shrub, unmarked by any tribute of affection, and with nothing to designate the grave save the sterile mound which decency heaps up over the relics of the pauper! It is true that it can make no difference to the unconscious ashes of the dead, whether they lie in one place or another; and I used to think that the grave-yard, while it teaches a lesson of humility, also presents an assemblage of "idle pageant piles" engraved with senseless flatteries, and monuments of living pride rather than of departed virtue. But, however unmeaning such things may sometimes be, the thought is revolting of being buried like a dog in the earth, with no kind friend to drop a tear upon my grave, and nothing to mark the spot where my ashes repose in everlasting sleep.

The incident which I have now related, simple as it may appear to the eye of him who reads it, impressed my mind with the value of the Gospel religion, with a power that I have seldom felt—its adaptedness to meet the wants of every situation, and above all to supply the place of those comforts of which the unfortunate and poor are destitute. It taught me a lesson of gratitude for the privileges with which a beneficent Providence has marked my lot, and presented with a reality before my eyes a wide sphere for benevolent action. It taught me, too, to judge less hastily than is common to the world, of the vices which sometimes are found connected with indigence. When we see those who live forgotten and neglected by men wandering in the mazes of error, or indulging in evil and pernicious habits, why should we harshly condemn them, when a little reflection may teach us that perhaps only the prosperity with which Providence has blessed us has preserved us from similar obliquity? Happiness and virtue, it is true, do not depend upon the outward condition, yet the privileges of prosperity are favorable to peace of mind, and one would think that the freedom from earthly care and anxiety which attends in the path of affluence and ease would conduce in no small degree to the growth of virtuous character. However this may be in reality, there can be no question that the adversities which some men experience demand a strong faith in Providence and a clear hope in a future state, to sweeten the privations of life, and take away the

sting from that neglect which the unfortunate of this world are called to endure. It is a grateful feature therefore in the present age that religion is adapted to meet these wants, and that "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

J. A. B.

THE IDENTITY OF JESUS AFTER AND BEFORE HIS RESURRECTION.

THIS fact in the Evangelical history has been very seldom noticed, and yet is one of the most convincing arguments of the reality of the Saviour's return to life. We have never known it hinted at more than once; still it is so natural, yet so unexpected, a proof of the writer's fidelity to facts, that we cannot but dwell upon it as of signal importance to a rational faith.

Jesus appears the same being after coming out of his three days' sleep in the tomb of Joseph as before. Death has nowise changed him. Whatever visions of heaven, whatever communion with God he may have enjoyed, he returns to his disciples unchanged. The same zeal for the triumph of truth inspires his life, the same tender sympathy for the weakness around him possesses his heart, the same pure and generous spirit speaks out in every word and look. The faithful Mary finds her heroic attachment rewarded by the first welcome of her risen Lord. The penitent Peter is welcomed to his Master's friendship again while the wounds his apostacy had opened are still fresh. The doubting disciple, who had probably left the cause in despair on the night of the Crucifixion, finds his skeptical spirit met with the same divine condescension which marked the previous life of him who "stooped from heaven to wash the disciples' feet." Upon their assembly by night, where his presence must have awakened a strange awe, the same gracious benediction fell which had been theirs while he sojourned with them on earth. The Apostolical commission given anew with renewed emphasis, now that their visible Head was to be removed and the miraculous aid of the Holy Spirit to be permanently given as a compensation for their loss, was essentially

the same, except that he who must have considered himself, and no doubt was considered by others, to have forfeited by his faint-hearted denials a participation in this work, was recognised as a missionary of the Cross by repeated and solemn invitations and injunctions. And that last act of majesty, devotion and love which parted him from his disciples, that farewell blessing with which he was carried up into heaven, how beautifully did it express the spirit of his whole life and complete every manifestation of tender interest he had made before ! His life had been all blessing, its close must breathe the same holy love.

Thus exactly was the identity of the Saviour's character preserved by these artless biographers ; thus perfectly, yet undesignedly, do the facts they record satisfy us that their Lord was the same after his resurrection as before. No writer of fiction, had such an idea visited him, would have dared thus to pourtray a character of divine holiness ; the affections of earth he would have thought too poor for the heart of heaven—the ties below too mean to be recognised by one who had been on high—the attachment of a few Galilean peasants too worthless to be cherished by one who was a brother of angels and a Son of God.

Does not this identity of the risen with the suffering Christ teach us another precious truth, and assure another blessed trust ? Does it not tell us, standing as we do in the midst of the shadow of the grave, that love cannot die,—that every true affection will pass unharmed through the grave and arise from its brief slumber to bloom anew in a world without parting and without end,—that all who share our conflict below we may hope will share our rest above,—that those who have travelled together in the pilgrimage of earth faithfully to the end will kneel together around the mercy-seat and raise the united hymn, "Blessing and honor, glory and power to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb?"

F. W. H.

A VISIT TO CANADA.

DEAR SIR :—If your readers are likely to feel an interest in these careless jottings, you can give them a place in your journal. The

first impression that my mind received on entering Canada was the utter contrast it presents to the United States in the outward body of its life. Weeks of residence here only continue to make that impression deeper. The coarse and unsheltered dwellings in lands quite as coarse and unsheltered affected my eye painfully and strangely, which had become so accustomed to the cheerful houses of New England, with their spotless white walls and green blinds and surrounding wood-lots. Then there is no rustic school-house, bringing all its sweet associations of youthful gladness and gabble, and still better associations of intelligence and virtue. The French Canadians are, however, a simple and a kindly people. They salute you as you pass with much courtesy; and always appear quiet, gentle and affectionate. I believe they are governed with great humanity; they have no burdens to endure, they are all but literally untaxed. The soil is good, and I believe, they have according to their own tastes the comforts of material life. They seem the last people in the world to make stuff for rebels—the last you would take to manage those vile things called guns—to meddle with salt-petre digged out of the harmless earth. If not stirred up by party-men, their tendency, I should suppose, entirely to be—for peace. They have not many causes of complaint, and the main objection to English rule, I apprehend, is not one of reason, but one of race. They are extremely ignorant; they have no desire for knowledge, and few means are taken to arouse it.

Montreal, so far as I can see it, is in full correspondence with the country in general, of which it is the metropolis. It has no books—no libraries, no provision for intellectual existence. Its bookstores are few, and these are most contemptibly furnished. With nearly 40,000 inhabitants, it contains *one* Mechanics' Institution; and this is crammed into a wretched hole where some few dozen might find room. It has a Mercantile Association, which from the outward appearance of its hall I judge to be of the Lilliputian order. There is no suitable provision for the poor, who wander in ragged beggary about the streets; their insane are lodged in the prison, and at this moment letters are coming through the journals from debtors in that prison complaining of their treatment with bitter anguish of spirit. Instead of civilized and civilizing institutions, Montreal has priests, nuns, masses, processions, and holidays without number.

In addition to these, she has massive barracks, armies, drills, reviews—sham-fights—shouldering up and shouldering down—right-facing and left-facing, and all the complicated harmonies of marching and counter-marching. If you hint that things are managed otherwise and better in the States—that the poor are lodged and fed, that youth are educated, that literature is encouraged, that knowledge is diffused, that the sick body is comforted, and the alienated mind restored, the chance is that your remarks are met at once with scorn and unbelief. The apparent ignorance or indifference in Montreal to the condition of adjacent America astonishes me exceedingly; that these persons should be ignorant of matters at their doors astonishes me; that if they know them, they do not try to improve even in a spirit of sheer emulation, astonishes me still more. But it is easy enough to use hard words about Yankees—it is not so easy to imitate them. Contempt requires nothing but stolid and impassive ignorance; generous rivalry implies feeling, knowledge, and capacity.

It is but fair to mention some qualifying circumstances. A large number of the inhabitants are immigrants, who contemplate no permanent settlement in the country, persons who come for the mere purposes of trade, and who hope when their fortune is sufficient to return to father-land, to enjoy their affluence and their ease. It is also right to say, that a spirit of improvement is commencing, and that if nothing happens to paralyse the efforts of the municipal and general governments, many excellent results may be expected. The external appearance of the city is solid and massive, and the Cathedral is a very noble structure. I was present there one Sunday. The service was a grand mass in all its forms. A good many priests assisted. The chanting was simple; the organ played only symphonies at intervals, and that in a very mean style. The sermon was of course in French, and was a vapid declamation on the Holy Family. Seven or eight thousand persons were present.

The scenery is very glorious here indeed. Summer is just now opening with most living bloom. Immediately over the town is a considerable elevation, which is dignified as "the Mountain." This is covered with wood, and at present is in the loveliness of early verdure. Standing on the summit, the view presented to the

eye is of transcendent grandeur. It may perhaps be said to want variety, but in amplitude—in clear, open, space—I think few landscapes in the world can surpass it. From the position I have indicated you look down on the whole city spread out immediately beneath you. Beyond that is the noble St. Lawrence, spreading out his mighty waters, and flowing on in tranquil majesty. Passing the eye across the river, the horizon widens out into ocean magnitude; and with clear air and a bright sun, such as this season affords, the vision is one to exhilarate and delight immeasurably. The country is studded thickly with dwellings, so that in whatever direction the sight falls, it brings back to the heart associations of gladness and life. I have never seen a country more populous than Canada is in the Montreal district. Then again you recall your thoughts from the distance—from the remote highlands that touch the blue sky or melt in the golden kissings of the heavens—and fix them on the river; you gaze along its line each way, repose upon the woodlands and pastures that clothe its banks, and note the rustic churches that at measured intervals point their humble spires to the skies. The resemblance of a river to a life is a trite and common figure; but this belongs to our words; such analogies are always thought, and when the objects themselves are present, the divine teachings of nature, unspoiled by the medium of our imperfect language, assume their true dominion over the soul. Trite and common as the analogy is, I could not help looking on the progress of the St. Lawrence as typical of a great and a good life;—proceeding on from the strength of action to the strength of peace; leaving behind the cataract and the torrent; becoming smoother, broader, deeper; reflecting heaven from a profound and lambent breast, and holding earth with a more ample and more bountiful embrace, until quitting earth forever it mingles with the infinite.

On Saturday last Sir Charles Bagot, the Governor General of British America, entered Montreal in public and in form. The numbers were considerable who went to meet him, or gathered to see him; and the military, lining the streets with grounded arms, made an imposing part of the spectacle. I was one of those who had curiosity enough to go out and look at the Representative of England's majesty. He was received with great respect, but

with no expression of enthusiasm. Indeed, although no admirer myself of thrones, and much less of their shadows,—certainly I am not of those who would say, “may their shadows never be less,”—yet there was a coldness, which common sympathy with the man made painful to me. The Governor is a very fine looking man—with a clear, frank, open countenance, and manners that accord to his personal appearance. He is not known as yet; and the people feel too sorely the loss of Lord Sydenham, to be readily reconciled to his successor. Lord Sydenham was a man of extensive practical knowledge; active and industrious, sagacious and enterprising withal, he was unostentatious, familiar, and accessible. Commerce is the hope of the province; Sydenham was eminently skilled in business. The principal men are traders; they wish for a man that understands gain better than guns; but Britain replaces a financier by a soldier. This is not the way rapidly to gain their sympathies, and if Sir Charles ever gain them, it will be by other tactics than those of his profession.

To-day I have been present at a review. The affair was rather ordinary. A regiment of cavalry, a corps of artillery, and three regiments of infantry marched into the field—formed into line—fired a grand salute in honor of her Majesty (it being her birth-day;) the bands played the national anthem; the military then filed and marched away again. All these demonstrations suggested to my mind two very opposite kinds of reflection. In one point of view I felt very powerfully the greatness of England; a greatness, certainly, most marvellous in impression and in extent. Here, three thousand miles in the West, the symbols of her authority were on all sides of me. The deputy of her sovereignty was received with royal honors. Her superscription was inscribed in every public place. The very policemen in the street commanded order by moving a truncheon surmounted by her crown, while men similarly dressed and similarly armed acted precisely in like manner in the streets of London. The very beadles in the Catholic cathedral carried the symbol of her power. While the arms of her soldiery glittered in the western sun, others of her troops were asleep in the midnight of the antipodes. Ideas of this kind respecting the dominion of England are very familiar; but they are as true as they are common. These, however, are not the ideas

which impress me the most. Other nations might contest this point with England. They have been dismembered, and are dead. Rome is gone, with all her provinces and all her glory. A power far more august than external sway belongs to England, and the stout Saxon words which sounded on my ears as I gazed on her soldiers were to me instruments of more lasting dominion than her ranks of bayonets with all their terror and all their prowess. England is propagating herself over all the earth; and she is propagating herself in influences which must continue to increase, and be as lasting as they are wide-spread. This power is moral, intellectual. She is the only country that has laid the foundation of empires in colonies; empires, I mean, that reproduce exactly the parent state in all essential attributes. Rome created kingdoms; but she left no Romans. She did not transplant her mind in other soils, and in her own it is as much a wreck as her palaces and temples. What country has ever reproduced herself, as England has in America? And while America has existence England cannot die. England has achieved a dominion of mind which no other nation ever possessed—a dominion in language, in literature, in laws, and in political institutions; and though the sceptre of England may pass from earth, these will pass away only with earth itself. As a mere race even, the Saxons have a pride that will long sustain them.

In another point of view many things are connected with the power of England as a government, that press hard on human sympathies and shock the moral sense. Out of a thousand, take her enormous naval and military establishments; out of these, take a mere holiday and pleasant illustration. On a beautiful day recently I went out to see a very noble regiment at drill. The sky was bright over our heads, and the grass green under our feet. While the men went through their evolutions the band lay around on the ground, and I was among them. They were as handsome and splendid young men as the world could show. Scarcely one of them was twenty-five years old. They seemed friendly, and generous too. They talked a good deal, and very openly and freely. Many longings were expressed for home—wishes for mere change—any thing to relieve the monotony of their condition and their life. The regiment was their world; the war office, the pinnacle

that bounded their highest ideas. The whole regiment, I observed, was young as these. Think, then, what a waste of existence, in freedom, in culture, in everything that ennobles life, in this one regiment. Apply this to the British army, extend it then to all armies, and you have an amount of evil fearful to conceive. If it be thus without blood or battle, what is it when you think of brave youths slaughtered by myriads in the very joy of being, when the heart is full of ten thousand hopes? The world was startled lately into weeping for the massacre of valiant men in Cabool; this is but a drop in a system as fathomless and expanded as the ocean. People say, all this is necessary. Perhaps—it may be; but large indeed must be the benefits, if they compensate for the evils by which they are bought. Yours,

H. G.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE SOCIAL POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

A SERMON FOR COMMUNION-DAY. BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS.

Acts ii. 46, 47. And breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, Praising God, and having favour with all the people.

THE book of Acts opens with descriptions of the most sublime and wonderful scenes. It introduces to us, actually risen from the dead, that same Jesus of Nazareth who had died in agony upon the cross and been laid a lifeless body in the rich man's tomb. It describes his last earthly meeting with his beloved disciples, when, "being assembled with them, he commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father which they had heard of him." It represents his glorious ascension into heaven from the sight of his astonished followers. And it records the fulfilment of the Saviour's last promise, in the sudden and miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

These stupendous miracles give a distinct and awful reality to the interposition of the Almighty for the establishment of Christianity. They clothe the infant religion with a divine glory, and its unpretending teachers with more than human majesty. They fill the mind with awe and wonder while we read.

But a little farther on—even in this same connexion, of which, simple as it is, it is by no means unworthy—a little further on in the narrative, there stands recorded a scene of a different character, which must have caught the attention of every one who has ever read this history. It is one which presents to us the religion of Jesus in another of its aspects; less imposing it may be, but not less interesting; less awful, but even more affecting. I refer to that familiar sketch of the early converts' *social life*, which, with his characteristic simplicity and expressiveness of phrase, the sacred historian has in the language of our text so vividly and beautifully drawn: "Praising God, and having favour with all the people, they did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart."

Where is the heart that is not irresistibly moved by this simple picture? Where is the man whose sympathies are not drawn out towards that blessed religion which smiles upon us from such a scene as this? It appeals directly to our imagination and our feelings—our natural and best feelings. It associates itself at once with some of the happiest scenes and most fondly remembered hours of a kindred character in our own lives. Simple and brief as it is, it is calculated to give a singular distinctness and reality to the history of those distant and wonderful times. It imparts to the whole narrative an air of familiarity and truth. It establishes a close sympathy between the early Christians and ourselves. It is just what we could desire, to commend the religion to our hearts. It could no better be spared from the full effect of the narrative, than the awful miracle of Pentecost.

I cannot think that it was without a reason, without a perception of the power and beauty of the scene he was depicting, without a conviction of the happy illustration he should perpetuate of the *amiable nature* and the *social power* of our blessed religion, without somewhat of sympathy with the millions that in distant ages would be affected by the picture, that St. Luke recorded, in con-

nexion with the sublimest scenes of any history, this simple sketch of the early converts' social life. I prefer to believe that he was moved to leave to us this pleasant picture in order to furnish to all ages a *study* of true Christianity, to convey a vivid impression of the gracious and cheerful influences of that faith which thus beautifully exhibited itself in the characters and intercourse of its earliest professors. In this relation its value cannot be overrated. And such is the use I propose very briefly to make of it.

Several things are requisite in order to our appreciating the true value of this picture as an illustration of the power of Christianity.

The first is, that we send our thoughts back two thousand years, and place the scene in strong contrast with the social habits and prevailing vices of the age. We should remember that social meetings and public feasts were then everywhere scenes of confusion, violence, and protracted revel; that treachery often lurked even under the sacred garb of hospitality, and that he who dipped his finger in the same dish with his entertainer might be a traitor; that cold and Pharisaical formality on the one hand, and bold licentiousness on the other; that doubt, suspicion, party-rancour, Roman luxury, and fear, had banished almost the last traces of kindness, delicacy and confidence from the intercourse of men; that such a love-feast as St. Luke describes was as out of place in those dissolute and dangerous times, as would be a gladiatorial show in our own peaceful streets.

Another requisite to a fair appreciation of the value of this scene as a study of true Christianity is, that we keep in mind the characters of the individuals of whom this happy group was composed. It was not a household fraternity; it was not a meeting of old neighbors, and familiar friends. Though had they all been united from childhood by the dearest ties, they could not have been more intimate in their sympathies, nor more sincere and free in their communion. It was not a meeting of chosen men, of exemplary character, trained affections and a blameless life. Though not the most select of the advanced in virtue, not the most venerable for the sweet charities, and spotless sanctity of life, could have been more confiding and guileless in their friendship, more refined and liberal in their intercourse. It was not a company of those only who had loved to sit at the feet and lean upon

the bosom of the Saviour, and who had listened with reverence to the gracious counsels of his heavenly wisdom. Though had they all been numbered among his beloved disciples, they could not have expressed more of his spirit, they could not have been more pure and warm in their mutual love, more fervent in their gratitude, more devout in their praise. It was not of such as these that this amiable group was composed. It was, of men who but the day before were some of them strangers to each other; many of whom were only sojourners at Jerusalem; connected by no tie of kindred or interest; moving on as undistinguished and contaminated individuals of the vast multitude of men who are ever blindly pressing forward in the trodden paths of worldliness and sin, with love of self for their ruling motive, and wealth, or pleasure, or dominion for their end. It was, in part, of the sensual, the thoughtless, and the profane. It was, of the despisers and persecutors of the holy One and the Just. Nay, perhaps it numbered more than one of the infatuated accessories to his condemnation and murder. How wonderful then, under the blessing of its author, must be the power of that religion over the human heart, how beautifully adapted to refine and elevate all the sympathies of man, which could in a single day bring such men as these together, make them forget their selfish aims and throw by their ambitious projects; and mould them into materials for a social group so faultless as to serve for the model of a perfect society, even to the most refined and peaceful age.

But there was a certain peculiarity in the Apostolic mode of presenting our religion and treating their new converts, which ought not to be overlooked amongst the causes which operated to produce this sudden and astonishing effect upon the hearts of their hearers. I allude to the readiness, the heartiness, the entire confidence with which they welcomed to baptism, to their sympathy, and to a participation of all the promises and privileges of the Christian community all those who "heard them gladly," who manifested a disposition to believe and obey the doctrines which they taught. There was no exclusiveness, no reservation in their conduct towards the believing hearers. They did not subject them to any long and tedious examination or probation. They did not compel them to go through any oppressive formality, or to submit

to the imposition of any supernumerary terms. They received them at once with open arms. 'You believe in Jesus; you desire to repent and to obey him, you feel a wish to take part with us. Come and be baptized, and all that is lacking God's grace will supply, and our friendship and counsels and prayers shall help you to attain. Christ is no hard master. He is no exacting, no reluctant, no forbidding Lord. He asks only your faith, your willingness. He does not expect perfection of you. His offers are free. His promises are without reservation to those who will embrace them. Bring but a good will, and you are welcome!' Thus in effect they addressed the people. And who does not perceive what a wonderful power this generous and confiding treatment of the believing hearers added to the influence of the Apostles' doctrine over the popular mind. If there was a glow of devout feeling in any soul, if there were tenderness and compunction in any conscience, if there was a sincere purpose of penitence and obedience in any heart, they hailed it at once, seized upon it, cherished it, trusted in its reality, and turned it to immediate advantage for the good of the individual and the honor of their Master. Thus there was a warmth, a hopefulness, a joyous alacrity communicated to the feelings of all who came forward to join them, which, all who know human nature will acknowledge, must have been wonderfully encouraging and improving to all who were the subjects of it and greatly attractive to all the beholders. The very same day on which they believed they were baptized—before their first ardor began to cool. They were made to feel that Christ and his Apostles were ready to meet at once, and give full credit to, whatever good emotions the preaching of the Cross might have awakened in their hearts.

Alas! how sadly different has been the usual manner of Christian teachers and churches in later times! And how many, that would have made the most joyous and active members of the Christian community, have been lost to it long or forever, by the neglect, the suspicion, the reserve, or the rigid formality that have quenched the rising flame of their devotion and turned back the first fresh and simple longing after a participation in the blessings of the Christian calling!

The third requisite to our appreciating the real importance of

this scene as a study of our blessed religion is, that we examine a little more attentively and in detail the most striking features of the picture itself. It would indeed be beyond our ability to bring out all that is expressed to the heart in the simple phraseology of St. Luke, so pregnant with significance is every word of the description. "They continued daily with one accord breaking bread from house to house." What genuine hospitality, what social sympathy, what free communion, what disinterested good will! "They did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." What unmingled cheerfulness, what clearness of conscience, what peace of mind, what lightness of heart, what full relish of present joy, what absence of anxious care for the morrow, what freedom from duplicity and guile, from simulation and conceit; sincere as children, unsuspiciously expressing much, and meaning and feeling all that they expressed. "Praising God." Adding the last relish to the overflowing cup of their joy, by partaking it with that thrilling gratitude which is of itself an element of the truest and utmost happiness of man. "Having favour with all the people." At peace with the world, thinking no evil, pure, upright, unpretending, generous and forgiving; good citizens, faithful in every relation, the truly *good* of the earth, accredited by the instinctive respect and the general approbation of mankind.

These, however feebly conceived, are some of the intrinsic beauties of this simple picture. In order that it may be viewed in the most desirable light, some such hints as have been suggested seem to be necessary. It has been selected as not wholly inappropriate to this occasion, in regard of the impression it was originally intended to convey and the reflections it is calculated to suggest.

It shows us that the spirit of Christianity is the true spirit of the social union—the life and bond of that safety and harmony of society, which it is beyond the power of law to give, and which needs no law but that of love to secure. It brings religion down from that awful elevation where the superstitious mind may have fixed her residence, and places her by our side and close to the heart. It calls her away from church and convent and solitary cell, to mingle unreserved in the social meeting and share in the cheerful converse of men. It strips her at once of vail and cowl,—of all

that is gloomy and repulsive in the false coloring of the enthusiast—and displays her as she is, attractive and lovely, without one feature or expression but we must instinctively love—compelling the “favour of the people.” It represents her full of quick sympathy and warm feeling, presiding with smiling countenance and winning air at the social feast; contributing without constraint to the innocent “gladness” of her guests; by the gracious influence of her presence sweetly harmonising all the emotions—mingling the fervor of piety with the glow of natural affection, overflowing gratitude to Heaven with the enjoyment of earthly blessings, and frequent and fervent ascriptions of praise with the freest intercommunion of minds. It shows us our religion, too often ungratefully excluded from the fireside seat that she loves—and which is hers by right as much as the solemn temple or the chamber of sickness,—it shows us our religion waiting at our doors to come into the domestic circle; to be heard in the cheerful wisdom of the aged, and to share the innocent hilarity of the young; to come when our hearts are warm and open, take the lead of their affections, and bear them up to Heaven. It furnishes us, in fine, a perfect model for the Christian meeting. It points us, for a scene most near in resemblance to the true Christian fellowship on earth, and the blessed intercourse of the redeemed in heaven, to the happy love-feasts of the Christian home—the cheerful family-board, surrounded with the friends whose hearts are all bound together in purest love, partaking of God’s bounty “with gladness and singleness of heart,” and praising him with the exuberance of their devout gratitude and affection.

May God grant that, studying and imitating the lives and conversation of the early Christians and their blessed Master, we may ever cherish in our lives the holy affections and the sweet social graces of our religion—that the prevailing sentiments of our hearts may be praise and gratitude and mutual love—that our communion and intercourse below may be cheerful, guileless and devout—that our piety, wearing a joyous and benevolent aspect, may exert a winning influence upon all who contemplate its manifestations—that we may daily exercise and prepare ourselves on earth, for the unoffending and blissful society of heaven. Amen.

VOICES OF THE DAY.

'Tis the Voice of the Morning;—Rouse, slumbering soul,
Up, gather thy forces; to wisdom's control
Give thy strength and thy life, thy faith and thy love;
Thy rest is not here,—seek the mansions above.

'Tis the Voice of the Noontide;—The day is far spent;
Where, where hast thou hidden the talents but lent?
Thy Lord will require his own treasure again;
When his summons goes forth, thou must double it then.

'Tis the Voice of the Evening;—I hear its low sound;
Thou slothful, oh why art thou lingering found!
Thy day is now spent, and the night is at hand,
Destruction waits near with his ominous hand.

'Tis the Voice of the Midnight;—What doest thou here?
Oh sleeper, awake, for the bridegroom is near;
Thy lamp is unnourished, pale, flickering its light;
Haste ere it be lost in the darkness of night.

'Tis the Voice of all Nature;—Oh spirit, advance,
With courage arouse from thy palsy trance;
Speed onward, speed upward, the goal is in view,
Speed swiftly, speed surely, thy vigor renew.

Now on high be thy portion; thy race is well run,
Thou hast fought the good fight, and the victory won;
The prize thou hast gained—thou hast conquered through time,
All hail, thou victorious, eternity's thine! x.

 REPLY TO A FRIEND;

Who during protracted confinement by illness asked, 'What I did all the day?'

I look on my flowers; I hark to the breeze
As in gladness it sports up and down through the trees;
I follow the sunbeam glide over the green,
And I list to the voice of the murmuring stream.

I gaze on the bright and the beautiful sky,
And the clouds half reposing, suspended on high;
The hum of the insect falls soft on my ear,
And the wings of the winds waft their melody here.

I follow the leaf from the branches that 's stirr'd,
As it 's borne through the air like a wandering bird;
But I know that that leaf neither lived, nor decayed,
Unnoticed by Him through whose skill it was made.

So, I feel, when this frame beneath the cold sod
Shall be quietly laid, the soul to its God,
Unfettered, released from its prison of clay,
Shall be borne, to rejoice through eternity's day.

I think on the kindness and goodness of those
Who smooth my rough way, charming pain of its woes;
And I deem that good spirits are hovering near,
Commissioned in mercy, to minister here.

I muse on the teachings of Providence still,
And of God implore grace to submit to his will;
I feel that a Father is near me to bless,
And I ask not, I pray not, for one sorrow less.

I take up the Book, and its language to me
Speaks of pardon, and peace, and a time to be free,
To be free from the bondage that limits the soul,
From the darkness of error, and earthly control.

Blest Volume of promise! to all thou art given,
To teach us the way to our home in the heaven;
Lord! grant, when the day of thy coming is near,
Prepared we may seek Thee, untroubled by fear!

x.

 TAKE HEED TO THYSELF.

How true is it, and how important a truth, and important to be
always kept in mind, that man's first concern as a religious being
is, to take heed to himself,—to make it certain that all is right in his
own case, to be vigilant to detect his own errors and faults, to be

anxious to save, and active to exalt his own soul, before giving his attention to other persons and other objects. How true is it, and how important a truth, that goodness and wickedness, heaven and hell, are the result of our own right or wrong doing—are the fruit of our own good or bad culture of the nature God has given us—are, in short, qualities of our own making; and therefore, how infinitely necessary is it, looking from time into eternity, that every man take heed to himself continually.

But when we say that every man's first concern as a religious being is with himself, let it not be understood, that it is each one's duty to seek first of all his own outward good, that he should feel no interest in the condition and welfare of others, that he should close up the fountains of his love and become a selfish being. We mean that he ought to be thinking and acting with reference to his own immortal character, to be raising up around it strong and impregnable bulwarks, and to be binding its elements together in bands which no destroyer can break and no fire can burn. This is the first duty, this ought to be the chief concern, of every human being. It should be the thought which most readily presents itself to the mind in those thousand moments for reflection which every one finds, however fully occupied in the toil and business of life. Sounding in his ear as he goes to his labor, as he schemes for gain, as he pursues his pleasure, as he acts for society, sounding in his ear like a voice from the skies, let every one hear as spoken to his own soul the words,—Take heed to thyself.

It should, however, be understood, and never forgotten, that a proper religious concern for ourselves involves a benevolent regard for our neighbor and fellow-man. The sentiment of benevolence, as certainly as that of self-love, is an essential part of the nature of man. The improvement of that nature therefore carries along with it the expansion of this sentiment; and, moreover, whatever is done through its influence for the benefit of others comes back to the character of the doer with a ten-fold reward. Who is so foolish as not to know that he cannot, in the Christian sense, take heed to himself by abandoning himself,—his mind and time—to the cares of business, to the pursuit of pleasure, to the ends of worldly ambition, allowing himself no opportunity for the contemplation of other and higher subjects, for the cultivation of his mind, for the

exercise of his social and benevolent affections, and the performance of his domestic duties? All see that he alone is faithful to himself who obeys the highest suggestions of his soul—the voice of God, who is controlled in his actions by the noblest, instead of yielding to the basest principles of his nature, who seeks to give the ascendancy in his character to those sentiments and laws, those instincts and affections, which he knows intuitively, as well as by outward revelation, it is the will of God should bear rule over him. Nor is it less evident, that the interest which we sometimes see manifested in certain abstruse articles of faith, zeal for dogmas, and reliance upon them for salvation, while the soul itself with its nobler affections is neglected, do not constitute a proper observance of the precept we are considering.

For, what is implied, in this word, *thyself*? What does it mean? Is it that intellectual result which we call opinion, belief, creed? Or, is it not rather the intellectual and moral power which works out the result? Is it merely those instincts and propensities which seek their gratification in the transient interests of a fleeting life, those desires which never rise above the horizon that bounds our mortal prospect and never spring from a higher source than the love of the world? Is it, oh man! thy earthly life alone, thy earthly aims, designs, wishes, hopes, is it these alone that constitute that being thou callest *thyself*, and is it these alone concerning which thou shouldst take heed? No man, no Christian man, for a moment admits it. Every one knows, and it is his glory to know, that he is more and better than these, or that there is in him together with these that which is higher and better. The definition of **THYSELF**! What art thou? A weak, dependent, earth-born creature, and yet in faculties “but a little lower than the angels;” a being sprung from the dust of the earth, and yet bearing in thy soul the image of God and the likeness of his immortality; a companion of the worm and of the insect, and yet the associate of all intelligent beings in the universe; a creature of passions and appetites that left to themselves would make thy bosom a habitation of devils, and yet with affections and aspirations, a reason and conscience and will, that are capable of making that bosom a home of angels and a temple of God; a being subject to fears and doubts and sins and bitter relentings, and yet capable of loving

God till all fear is exhausted, of growing in faith till Christian faith becomes assurance, of pleading for pardon till sorrow for sin is exchanged for the joy of forgiveness; a being of wants and sympathies and affections and hopes, some of which find their end here, amidst the relations of the present life, and others of which lay hold on eternity and crave things "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor which have entered into the heart of man to conceive." This is *thyself*. What a mysterious being! How feeble, yet how great—how circumscribed in action, how limitless in capacities—how poor and grovelling as an animal, how noble and aspiring as a man! Behold thyself in meanness and in grandeur, robed in the beauty of virtue and covered over with the defilement of sin, glowing with love like a seraph and boiling with hate like a fiend; behold thyself in any condition in which thou mayest be found, and say if such a being does not require incessant self-watchfulness—if there is not enough in him to be disciplined and regulated and developed, to call for his closest and most unremitted attention.

How many examples do we see of the ill effects of disregarding this duty. How often is the family rendered unhappy by the failure of the husband or the wife in this respect. How frequently is the peace of neighborhoods destroyed by those, who neglecting their own concerns and duties make themselves "busy-bodies in other men's matters." How frequently too are churches thrown into confusion and strife by members, who forgetting their first duty to themselves—removing the eye of their vigilance from their own hearts, not yet in a condition to be left unwatched—make themselves busy in finding out the religious state of other persons, in detecting and exposing their faults, in hunting their heresies, and in general, in taking care of their souls. How many are daily guilty of fraud, of falsehood, of unfaithfulness to trusts, of injustice to society, simply because they do not feel a proper concern for what is truly themselves. How many weeks and months and years in the life of almost every individual are no better than thrown away, being devoted exclusively to the making of a good appearance in the world, to the gratification of vanity or of some worse passion; thrown away, simply because they do not realize what *they are*, and of course take no heed to themselves.

This inattention is the characteristic of no one period of life more

than of another. We see it in young and in old. Of the young, how few learn to comprehend their nature and its claims, what is within them and whereunto they are tending, what they ought to do and why they should do it, what life is for and how they should use it. Of the old, how many hug their earthly treasures with more affection than they show for their living friends, dread parting with any portion of them more than they fear the loss of heaven, think of them oftener than of God, and worship them more. These have never taken thought concerning themselves. They are called selfish men—they think they have regarded their own interests and have lived for themselves; but they have not known themselves, and therefore in this self-ignorance have been working against their own interests. Instead of helping, they have been harming themselves; and if something does not occur to give them true knowledge of what they are, they will most assuredly destroy themselves, or, as the Saviour expresses it, though they "gain the whole world" they will "lose their own souls." In middle life, how many go on thoughtless of life's great object, busy about trifles, ignorant of their own nature and not willing to learn, attending to any thing but that which concerns them most, till the habits of their minds are fixed, and serious reflection upon their existence and destiny becomes almost an impossibility. Now and then, from the same cause, we see them abandoning themselves to folly and sin. Behold the poor wretch reeling in the street and mumbling his oaths. So brutal is he in his looks and actions that you can hardly recognise him as one of your species. That man once had a soul pure, generous, free from evil taint. His frame was erect and manly, his eye beamed with intelligence and his countenance with love and joy. An indulgent father was happy in him, an affectionate mother caressed him, kind and loving sisters were made glad by his presence. In an evil hour, taking no heed to himself, he approached the fountain of sin and death—he stooped and drank—and there he is! His bright eye has lost its lustre—his comely face is imbruted—his feeling heart is petrified—his family see him only to dread the sight—he is lost to himself and to all others. Had he, when he began life, rightly considered for what he had been created, made himself familiar with his nature in all its parts, and then taken heed to it, there is no station so high that he might

not have filled with honor, and above all, he might have been an heir of immortal life and blessedness.

In respect to the welfare of others, as has been already intimated, when we consider the power of example, it is clear that every one's first duty is to take heed to himself. How great is example in its influence. An example of goodness, of high virtue, never wants admirers. They who admire, involuntarily and unconsciously imitate. Children—how almost entirely are they led by example. They catch, before the parent begins to suspect it, his manners, habits, dispositions, temper. There is going on in us all a continual assimilation to the objects most dear to us. This is true in respect to good, and it is equally so of evil. An example of depravity, of extraordinary depravity, never wants admirers and imitators. If there is attraction in virtue so that that which exists in one bosom will seek out and commingle with the same in others, increasing the amount of both, there is contagion in vice, so that one corrupt nature will often infect all others that come in contact with it. "Through the whole world," observes an old writer, "this holds in general and is the end of all, that every thing labors to make the things it meets with like itself. Fire converts all to fire. Air dries and draws to itself. Water moisteneth and resolveth what it meets with. Earth changeth all that we commit to her bosom to her own nature. Nor is this only true in material substances, but even in spirits, in incorporeal things; nay, in these there is more aptness; they mix more subtilly and pass into one another with a nimbler glide. The soldier labors to make his companion valiant. The scholar endeavors to have his friend learned. The bad man would have his company like himself, and the good man strives to frame others virtuous." The justness of these observations all have seen confirmed. All know how natural it is to slide into the habits of those with whom we are especially familiar, and how natural it is for them to accommodate themselves to our ways. Here is a double reason for taking heed to ourselves; first, that we may not fall into any habits that we ought not, and secondly, that we may not lead others into ways injurious to them.

These few remarks on the nature, and on some of the relations, dangers, and influences of these beings we call ourselves are

sufficient to unfold the significant warning of the Saviour—for they are his words—"Take heed to yourselves."

What should be said of the worth of these beings? What shall be given in exchange for them? Look at them as they stand white in their innocence, erect and strong in their virtue, and what is there of created good so great, so glorious? Survey their whole nature. Take the gauge of their capacities. Consider for what they are destined. Read Immortality written in glittering letters on every faculty and affection that distinguishes them from the brute. Observe how they can grow in knowledge, how they can rise in excellence, how they can take into themselves more and more of the Divinity from whom they sprang, how they can create for themselves happiness in proportion to their growth in goodness; and what is there in the universe to be set in comparison with them? What is there better worth our care? If it be true that these beings, as they disappear in succession from the present world, carry with them to another the whole moral results of their lives; if it be true that "they who sow to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting," and that every one "shall receive" in eternity "according to that which he hath done" in time, whether good or evil; if these things be true,—and who can doubt them?—how can man have a higher object of concern than himself—his moral condition—his character? How can there be a clearer or stronger duty than that enjoined in the solemn words, "Take heed to yourselves?"

J. W. T.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

I WAS somewhat startled in a recent visit to a dying woman, the mother of many children, whose mind was evidently ill at ease about the future, whose heart in vain sought that Saviour with its fading strength whom its days of health had never known, to hear it remarked that the dying one had often and vainly endeavored to seek the 'throne of grace.' There could not be a doubt from the circumstances of the case, and the despairing tone in which the

popular phrase was repeated, that it carried a death-chill to her soul. Though a worshipper at the altar of a rational faith, the old prejudice still held her fast, that we might call upon God when he was not to be found—might draw near to him when he would not draw near to us—might lift our hands and hearts upward when the windows of heaven were closed. To be sure, the word, 'grace,' deserves no such meaning; its entire bearing, the expression of an undeserved and unexpected bounty, is in the opposite way. But we must not forget that many terms in theology have wholly changed from the meaning they bear in the common intercourse of life; so that what was meant to express, and did express, the freedom of God's blessing, may come insensibly to represent the arbitrary withdrawing of his favor from the mass of his children and its partial bestowal on a few—that the most generous thing in the universe may come to denote what, if not withheld with the most miserly grasp, is granted with the grossest caprice. Thus, if those who use this term could sift their thoughts without fear, they would find very often, that the "throne of grace" was in their minds the throne of everything else but a Father's favor—the throne of unbending justice and inexorable rigor; that in thinking of approaching it they were thinking of some mysterious change which must take place, we know not how or why, before mercy can be shown the trembling prodigal,—of some arbitrary influence that must be exerted, if it please the secret councils of Heaven, to prepare the way for religious peace or Divine acceptance.

The true term, we think, the one incapable of perversion and full of tender entreaty, is *mercy-seat*. We can approach the Father's mercy-seat, invited, encouraged and cheered; can come with no more than the offering of a penitent soul, and it is enough; can come confessing truly our deep unworthiness, and that heart-felt confession promises us a welcome; can come at any moment and in any state of being,—in our weakness to receive strength, in our darkness to find light, in our slavery to sin to receive the glorious liberty of the sons of God, in our fear of death to cry, "Thanks be to Him who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

F. W. H.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORKS OF NATHANIEL EMMONS D. D., *late Pastor of the Church in Franklin, Mass. With a Memoir of his Life.* Edited by Jacob Ide D. D. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1842. 6 vols. 8vo.

THE thought that will hardly fail to occur to the reader upon first taking up these volumes will be, of the unusual beauty and superiority of their typographical execution. It is seldom indeed, that theology, in the stern features in which on some of its leading topics it is here presented, appears in so attractive a dress. They are from the press of Mr. Samuel N. Dickinson of this city, with types manufactured in his own establishment; and could the printing of a book recommend the doctrines it inculcates, these sermons of Dr. Emmons would not want a powerful aid. The whole execution as a specimen of typographical art is an honor to the country.

Nor can we read the volumes themselves without edification. They are the production of one of the most eminent divines of our country; the results of a long and studious life, devoted in a most remarkable degree to the peculiar labors of his profession. Dr. Emmons died in 1840, in the 95th year of his age, having been connected with the church in Franklin seventy years, its sole Pastor fifty-four years, and, as we learn from the interesting "reflections upon his character," connected with the Memoir by Professor Park, "having guided the studies of eighty-seven young men preparing to become ministers of the Gospel." His life was one continued study. He followed, apparently to the extent of human ability, the Apostolic command, "Give thyself wholly to these things," for he excluded all others, permitting no secular or even domestic duties to interrupt his reading, meditation and prayer. He united the severest and most uncompromising form of speculative theology, of which, after Edwards and Hopkins, he was the acknowledged and honored defender, with singular cheer-

fulness of temper and vivacity of wit. He was not less remarkable for personal independence. "He was never afraid," says his biographer, "to avow his dissent from the practices of the ministers and churches of his own order, whenever they appeared to him either unscriptural or unwise." Accordingly, on some topics and projects strenuously urged by his brethren and friends he wholly dissented from them; and was especially opposed to every measure that had for its object the accumulation of ecclesiastical power. Many even at this day can remember his open and decided opposition to the proposal for forming a General Association in Massachusetts; and can remember too the unanswerable arguments with which he was accustomed to resist, even when he stood alone, every encroachment upon what he deemed Christian liberty.

Those who wish to understand the theology of the school of Edwards, as afterwards embodied by Hopkins, and taught by their disciples for nearly half a century, will find them here illustrated with all the skill that metaphysical acuteness and the learning needed for the purpose can supply, with the advantages of a remarkably clear and simple style. To those who could adopt his creed Dr. Emmons must have been a most instructive teacher. "He made manifestation" of what seemed to him the truth. And with those who, like ourselves, must utterly dissent from his dogmas, as contradicting alike the clear deductions of reason and the unequivocal declarations of Scripture, it is refreshing to find that so much that is revolting in theory may be united with gifts and virtues, powers of intellect and affections of the heart, commanding our high respect. Of more than two hundred sermons composing these volumes, not a few may be read with satisfaction by Christians of every name for their practical character. It is true, that virtues of universal obligation are sometimes united in their exposition with theories of more than doubtful import; but the virtues still remain, and are earnestly inculcated. The notices of Dr. Emmons's life, including his auto-biography, the copious memoir by Dr. Ide, and the graphic delineation by Professor Park to which we have already referred, will not fail of gratifying the curiosity of those, who have only heard of their venerable subject, and who feel an interest in the progress of religious opinion within the churches of New England.

THE DUTY OF THE FREE STATES. Second Part. By William E. Channing. Boston: William Crosby & Co. pp. 93, 12mo.

THE first Part of this Tract, of which we gave a notice in our last number, was devoted to an examination of the affair of the Creole. In the Second Part, now published, the Author considers the general Duties of the Free States. With the exception of his first treatise on Slavery,—and we know not if that ought to be excepted,—it strikes us that it is the ablest of any thing Dr. Channing has published on that subject. His aim is, to do what he can to reunite Politics and Morality; and the key-note of the whole is contained in the phrase, ‘Duties before Interests.’

The larger part of the pamphlet is taken up with considering the duties of the Free States in regard to Slavery; and his remarks on this topic are classed under two heads. First; the Free States are bound to construe with the utmost strictness all the articles of the Constitution which in any way touch on Slavery, so that they may do nothing in aid of this institution but what is undeniably demanded by that instrument; and secondly, they are bound to seek earnestly such amendments of the Constitution as will remove this subject wholly from the cognisance of the general government, such as will be just alike to the North and South, such as will release the North from all obligation whatever to support or sanction Slavery, and as will insure the South from all attempts by the Free States to stir up the slaves.

The remainder of the Tract is devoted to the consideration of the Duties of the Free States, first, in upholding the great idea of Human Rights, which distinguishes our country, and on which our Constitution rests; secondly, their duty in relation to the preservation of the Union; and, thirdly, their duty in relation to the subject of War. All these topics are treated with great ability, and we have never any where else seen the evils of a disunion of the States and the difficulty of establishing a new government so forcibly presented. The tract is not written to attack or defend either Abolitionists, or Anti-abolitionists. It is written in a spirit which a citizen of the United States should have, who is deeply anxious for the welfare of the whole country. We cannot attempt

here even to analyze the pamphlet; all that we can—and this we would earnestly—do, is to recommend it to our readers in all parts of the land.

THE MEDIATORIAL LIFE OF JESUS. *A Letter to Rev. William Ellery Channing D. D.* By O. A. Brownson. Boston: Little & Brown. 1842. pp. 44, 8vo.

MR. BROWNSON is a vigorous thinker and a vigorous writer. His views on any subject which he may discuss are worthy of attention, and his power of style and his talent as a logician are sufficient to compel it. This pamphlet is characterized by the same strength of thought and expression which is found in most of his writings. It has in addition, what he has not so often manifested,—the earnestness of an affirmative faith. His writings indeed always bear the marks of a mind heartily in earnest, but in general it has been the earnestness of one who attacks others, who invades another's territory, who seizes and rends and scatters to the winds the logic and the beliefs of other men. But in writing this Letter, he was evidently engaged on what to him seemed a principle of the highest moment. His mind is so possessed by it, as to exclude even his passion for debate. He is satisfied to dwell on it alone, to develop it, to enforce it, without assailing any thing else. He may have written other things as able, but whilst he has written much which must make any one respect his intellect, we do not remember any thing which would impress one with so much respect for the man. The common idea which Mr. Brownson has given of himself, has been that of an intellectual gladiator, strong, bold, able to receive hard blows and not less able to give them. He has hardly had justice done him. Through all his writings break out, occasionally at least, gleams of a true sensibility, and sometimes there are touches of tenderness, and pathos even, which surprise one, gushing out as they do apparently like fountains from the heart of a granite cliff. Some of his literary reviews have been remarkable for their clear perception and hearty appreciation of the beautiful.

This pamphlet, more than any thing else we have seen of his, is written evidently with strong emotion and emotion that is touched and elevated by faith. It seems however to us that it is valuable rather for the tone of the sentiment that pervades it, than for the principles it contains. It is very possible that we do not fully understand it, but if we do, he has only expressed in an unusual way the universally recognized law of the mutual influence of one intelligent being on another, has only found a new phrase when he imagines himself to have found a new philosophy. At any rate; the peculiarity of his views does not consist in his attaching greater importance to the mission of Christ than do others, but in his mode of explaining its importance. The difference is not in the fact, but in the philosophy. It is not our purpose to enter into any discussion of the principles which he attempts to establish. We will endeavor to state them as briefly as possible, and leave them for others to speculate upon.

The Letter is on the Mediatorial Life of Jesus, and contains an answer to the three following questions. "1. Whence comes the Mediator? 2. What is his work? 3. What is the method by which he performs it?"

To the first question, in opposition to all who see in Jesus nothing supernatural, and in his mission no special interposition of Providence, he replies that we must regard Jesus, not as *coming*, but as *sent*, not as raising himself up to be the Mediator, but as having been raised up by the Father in heaven. He comes from God, "who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die, that whosoever should believe on him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

The second question, stated more fully, is, "what is the condition in which the Gospel assumes the human race to be *without Christ*, and from which God, through the mediation of Christ, is represented as saving it?" In answering this question he assumes, what he thinks Christianity assumes as its point of departure, not only that all men are actual sinners, but also that human nature itself has been corrupted, is depraved, so that men by nature are prone to do evil. The necessity for the Mediatorial life of Jesus he founds on the principle—to him full of significance—that we are dependent beings and in no sense able to live by and in our-

selves alone. In perfect solitude man could not live a human life. None of his affections, moral, religious, social or domestic, could be developed. To make this plain, he distinguishes *life from being*. "To be is not necessarily to live. To live is to manifest. But no being except God the self-existent and the self-living being is able to manifest itself by itself alone. Man has the capacity to love; but he cannot manifest it, that is, live it, without loving; he cannot love, without some object to love." This is true of all his capacities.

"If to live is to manifest ourselves, and if we cannot manifest ourselves without communion with an object which we are not, it follows that our life is at once subjective and objective. A man's life is not all in himself. It is in himself and in his object—the object by means of which he lives. This, if we say man is a dependent being, insufficient for himself, is what we necessarily affirm.

"Now man's object, by communion with which he lives, is other men, God and nature. With God and nature he communes only indirectly. His direct, immediate object is other men. His life, then, is in himself and in other men. All men are brought by this into the indissoluble unity of one and the same life. All become members of one and the same body, and members one of another. The object of each man is all other men. Thus do the race live *in solido*, if I may use a legal term, the objective portion of each man's life being indissolubly in all other men, and, therefore, that of all men in each man.

"It follows necessarily from this oneness of the life of all men, that no one member can be affected for good or evil, but the whole body, all humanity in space, time and eternity must actually or virtually be affected with it."

Now grant that Adam sinned. His children were born. He formed to them the objective portion of their life. As that was corrupt, their lives were so far forth corrupt. Life being indissolubly objective and subjective and the objective portion being corrupt, the subjective must likewise be necessarily corrupted. Thus Adam's sin is transmitted necessarily, not by natural, but by moral generation. Nor could it stop here. Those already on the scene must form the objective portion of life to each child that is born, and being corrupt, the child receives as a part of its inheritance this corruption; and this must proceed on from generation to generation without end, unless the current were arrested and rolled back by a foreign power.

In answering the third question, he shows how man is rescued

from this state of corruption by the Mediatorial life of Jesus. The finite, he says, cannot commune directly with the Infinite—man with God. Then man must remain ever alienated from God, unless a medium of communion, or Mediator, be provided. This Mediator, this medium of communion, must needs be both human and Divine. For if it do not touch man on the one hand and God on the other, it cannot bring them together and make them one. The Mediator must be, literally and indissolubly, God-man.

“Say now that God takes humanity, in the being we term Jesus, into immediate communion with himself, so that he is the direct object by means of which Jesus manifests himself.* The result would be LIFE; that life, like all derivative life, at once subjective and objective, must necessarily be, in the strictest sense of the terms, human and Divine, the life of God and the life of man, made indissolubly one. For God being the object would be the objective portion, and man being the subject would be the subjective portion, which united is God-man. Here is the Mediator at once God-man, and that in no figurative sense, in no over-strained, refined sense, but all simply and literally, as the most simple-minded must understand the terms.”

God thus forms the objective portion of the life of Jesus. In him therefore is the Divine life. But because of his humanity man can hold direct communion with Jesus. By the law of life, he communicates his life to man. For example, Jesus formed the objective portion of the lives of the Apostles. His life was literally imparted to them. They received from him the Divine life that was in him. His life enters into and becomes an inseparable portion of the life of those human beings who lived in and by communion with him. He was the objective portion of their life, by which their subjective life was developed. But the human race lives “*in solido*.” The slightest vibrations in the heart of the least significant member are felt through the mighty heart of the whole. Consequently, the very moment that this new life of Jesus was communicated to the disciples, it was communicated virtually to the race, spreading from man to man, from generation to generation, by the same law by which the corruption of Adam had spread

* Mr. Brownson immediately afterwards quotes in support of his doctrine the expression, “God manifest in the flesh,” but it will be observed that in his theory it is the manifestation of Jesus, not of God, which we obtain as the result of the union between them.

before. Thus was an element of Divine life infused into the world. Man was brought into communion with his Maker. As in Adam all died, so in Christ are all made alive. On this is founded, in order that man may be saved, the necessity of the Mediatorial life of Jesus; and on this, the necessity of preaching Christ, and of bringing man into communion with him.

This general principle is carried out by Mr. Brownson, and applied to various particulars. For ourselves, we are not prepared to admit his philosophy, in the mode in which he states it; least of all are we disposed to rest our faith in the importance and necessity of Christ's mission on the correctness of any such speculations. There may have been many reasons, why it was essential in order to the redemption of man that he should come from the Father and live and die, which we may not be able to understand. To believe the fact, if properly attested, it is not necessary that we should account for it philosophically. Doubtless it is well for us, as far as we may, to understand the beneficent ways and purposes of God, but it is not well for us to be too confident that we understand all his counsels. It is happy for us, when we can, to be able to walk by sight; it is happy also for us that we can walk by faith.

But if one cannot assent to all the views contained in the pamphlet, it is written in that reverent and believing spirit, which it is good to hold communion with; and though, as it seems to us, sometimes inconsistent, and sometimes indistinct in its language, it can hardly fail to suggest to a thoughtful reader much that will be profitable for meditation and instruction.

A DISCOURSE *on the State of the Country, delivered in the First Church in Medford, on the Annual Fast, April 7th, 1842.* By Caleb Stetson. Published at the Request of the Hearers. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1842. pp. 25, 8vo.

THIS Discourse has been highly commended in many of our public prints, but we cannot find it in our heart to express approbation of its tone and spirit. Mr. Stetson first pourtrays the disastrous condition of the country, and then proceeds to consider some of

the causes of the present state of things; of which, he confines himself to "the passion for gain," "the decay of integrity," and the exercise of the "slave power" in Congress and out of Congress to the prejudice of Northern rights and interests. We object to the tone of exaggeration, which marks the whole discourse. The description of the distress under which the country suffers exceeds the truth, as we believe; and the want of restriction or exception in the character which Mr. Stetson draws of the Southern slaveholder gives to his remarks the aspect of great injustice. Such a strain of remark, also, as is here used respecting the Southern States appears to us unsuitable to the pulpit, or to any place where candor and forbearance should be alike studied and commended. Its effect must be, to awaken feelings of ill-will, with a temper of mind unfavorable to calm discussion or patriotic measures. Evil as slavery is, and unjust as the South may have been to the North, we cannot think the interests of humanity or the welfare of the country will be promoted, or the "meek majesty" of religion be made more manifest, by adopting in the pulpit such a style of discourse.

OUR NATIONAL LEGISLATURE. *A Discourse delivered before the First Parish in Cambridge, on the Day of the Annual Fast, Thursday, April 7, 1842. By William Newell, Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge.* Cambridge: John Owen. 1842. pp. 20, 8vo.

If ever a deliberative body earned the disgrace of wasting its time and neglecting the interests to which it should have given attention, our Congress the last winter secured this shame. At present they seem disposed to *do* something; but many months of the session were spent in talking, quarrelling, and dishonoring themselves and the nation. Mr. Newell makes this unfaithfulness to their duty and their office the subject of exposure and rebuke in his Discourse, for which he chose as a text the Proverb; "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn." We doubt if it was best

to devote a whole sermon to this subject, and some persons might wish that the same remarks had been given elsewhere than from the pulpit; but Mr. Newell has said no more than has been widely and deeply felt, and in his contrast between what an American Congress should be and what it is, he has drawn pictures, which, it must be confessed, are marked, the one as well as the other, by fidelity to truth.

THE PROPHET AND THE HONORABLE MAN TAKEN AWAY. *A Sermon preached to the First Church, on Sunday Morning, 10th April, after the Funerals of the Rev. Dr. Harris, and the Hon. Daniel Sargent. By N. L. Frothingham, Minister of the First Church.* Not Published. Boston: 1842. pp. 15, 8vo.

"THE Preacher sought to find out acceptable words; and that which was written was upright, even words of truth." We know not how this Sermon, from the pen of Dr. Frothingham, could be better described than in these words of the Hebrew sage. Though not published, the subject, as well as the character of the discourse renders a notice of it proper. Both Dr. Harris and Mr. Sargent had served the public and lived before them for many years. Dr. Frothingham's delineation of the traits by which they were respectively distinguished is at once just and beautiful, showing keenness of discrimination as well as fidelity of description, and uniting the well-chosen language of the rhetorician with the careful honesty of the Christian teacher.

AN ADDRESS delivered in the First Church, Dorchester, Thursday, April 7, 1842, at the Funeral of Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris D. D.; formerly Pastor of that Church. By Nathaniel Hall, its present Pastor. Published by request. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1842. pp. 28, 8vo.

MENTION has been already made of this Address in an article furnished by a friend for a former number of the Miscellany. It

is entitled however to a separate notice. Judicious in its tone and faithful in its delineation, it is a worthy memorial of a character which united great excellencies with an excess of sensibility that was often painful to beholders as well as to its possessor. Mr. Hall has spoken of Dr. Harris in language of respectful and affectionate remembrance, has related the principal events of his earlier life, and has shown how, as a minister, a scholar, and a man, he deserved the estimation in which he was held by all who knew him. Seldom are the aged spoken of by those of another generation with the justice and discrimination which mark this Address.

A BRIEF AND EXPLICIT STATEMENT OF UNITARIAN VIEWS. *By a Minister to his Congregation.* Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1842. pp. 12, 12mo.

"THIS tract is a republication of a discourse" by Rev. H. Wood, of Tyngsboro'. It exhibits the principal points of doctrine which it has been the aim of his preaching to unfold and enforce, in contrast with other opinions which, though generally held, he has not been able to find in Scripture. He has preached the Father, the Son, and the holy spirit,—but not the Trinity; regeneration through Jesus Christ, by the voluntary return of the sinner to obedience; the atonement, by which the mercy of God is shown, not his wrath appeased; Jesus, our Intercessor and Judge; faith and good works, in their proper union; morality, such as Jesus and his Apostles enjoined; love to God, as the sentiment which should fill the heart and regulate the life; and the Christian character, as the result of Divine cooperation with human fidelity. Some of these points might have been advantageously expanded, and others of perhaps equal importance might be added; but let any one live up to the faith and duty which are here described, and he may have "good hope through grace."

We observe in two instances that Mr. Wood has fallen into an error of quotation which it would not be worth while to notice, if it were not so common. We know not how often we have seen or heard the expression cited, as from the conversation of Jesus with

the woman of Samaria, "My meat and my drink is, to do the will" &c. In the Evangelist the words are, "My meat is," and the connexion shows that this was all the occasion required or suggested. The addition of the clause, *and my drink*, is both needless as it regards the meaning, and false in respect to the original narrative.

SERVICES at the Ordination of Rev. James I. T. Coolidge, as Pastor of the Purchase Street Congregational Church in Boston, February 9, 1842. Sermon, by Rev. E. S. Gannett; Charge, by Rev. George Putnam; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. C. A. Bartol; Address to the People, by Rev. George Ripley. Boston. B. H. Greene: 1842. pp. 53, 8vo.

In our notice of the occasion on which these Services were delivered we gave the plan of the Sermon. The rest of the pamphlet contains counsels worthy to be remembered alike by ministers and people. Mr. Putnam's Charge is plain, pointed and solid both in thought and expression. Mr. Bartol's Right Hand presents the true character of ministerial and Christian fellowship. Mr. Ripley's Address is full of weighty and timely advice.

ADDRESS to the Teachers and Scholars of the Sunday School of the First Unitarian Society, Brooklyn, N. Y. By Rev. F. W. Holland. New York: 1842. pp. 16, 12mo.

UPON leaving the congregation with which he had been connected for four years Mr. Holland addressed his farewell counsels to the teachers and children of the Sunday School, where he had faithfully labored to give instruction and help. They are counsels worthy to be repeated before every Sunday School,—plain, earnest, affectionate, and timely. He especially urges attendance upon teachers' meetings, and the substitution of free communication with the pupils in the place of a close adherence to manuals. On the

children he presses "the necessity of a manly virtue," of "a kindly spirit," and above all, of being "*religious* children." We hope these parting words of faithful love will yield fruit unto life eternal.

A SERMON *preached at the South Congregational Church, Boston, on Sunday, March 27, 1842. By Rev. M. I. Motte.* Printed by request of several Members. Boston: 1842. pp. 12, 12mo.

WE like this Sermon for its honesty, though we do not wholly agree with its sentiment. The multiplied religious meetings, the "revival excitements," and the "more than ordinary social spirit" to which encouragement is given "in some churches at this time," are made the subject of remark. Mr. Motte expresses his willingness to hold extra services when they are demanded, but says he cannot "urge them as a duty." He speaks of the extravagances and abuses, the practical evils and mistakes about religion, to which they lead, and insists on the importance, and the want also, of honesty, or uprightness, such as is described by the Prophet in the closing verses of his text, Isaiah i. 11-17. We admire the frankness and directness with which he has expressed himself.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PRESENT; *A Collection of Stories from the Portfolio of an Ex-superintendent.* Boston: William Crosby & Co. 1842. pp. 140, 18mo.

THE seven stories found in this book are chiefly remarkable for the good moral they inculcate. They are of a kind to please all children, and to have a good influence where they have any. "The Christmas story" is not altogether judicious, in its conversations held by children about the new Teacher and Messiah. But the book is to be trusted and recommended. We know of nothing however which requires more care than the preparation of books for Sunday Schools.

INTELLIGENCE.

REMOVAL OF MR. BUCKMINSTER'S REMAINS.—A service of a peculiar and impressive character took place at Mount Auburn on Sunday afternoon, June 12, 1842. It had long been the desire of the Society of Brattle Street Church to erect a monument in that consecrated spot to the memory of their distinguished and still lamented Pastor, Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster; and the consent of the family of the late Theodore Lyman Esq., in whose tomb at Waltham the body was lain, having been obtained, and a spot having been provided by the liberality of one of the members of the Society, Thursday, the ninth of June, being the thirtieth anniversary of his death, was appointed for the occasion. The inclemency of the weather however preventing, it was postponed till the following Sunday, the anniversary of his funeral. After the public religious services of the day a large number of his parishioners and friends—many who had known him in life, and many more, who though they had never seen, still honored him—met at the cemetery. The ladies of the Society, with the immediate relatives of the family, were assembled near the place of burial; and the corpse, having been deposited in a new coffin, covered with black cloth and enclosing the former, was attended thither by a long procession of the male members. The services at the grave were introduced with an anthem by the choir of the church. An Address was then delivered by Rev. John G. Palfrey D. D., formerly its Pastor, in which the brief ministry and life, the eminent gifts and virtues of Mr. Buckminster—the effects of his preaching and character—the surprising, yet permanent influences he exerted, both while he lived and even to the present hour, upon the churches and the community—what he accomplished, within the narrow term allotted him, for the interests of religion, literature, and social improvement—what he did for the University which he loved, and which in turn honored him among her most cherished sons—especially for theological science, his own favorite and almost absorbing pursuit—for his friends and his flock—for his country and mankind were faithfully portrayed. Prayers were then offered by Rev. Francis Parkman D. D.; and the body having been deposited in its final resting-place, the beautiful funeral hymn of Dr. Watts,

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,”

was sung, and the services closed with an appropriate benediction.

The whole occasion was one of the deepest interest. The hour, nearly the sun-set of a beautiful Sunday; the spot, within which were already gathered the mortal remains of many of the friends and kindred of Mr. Buckminster; the sacred and still fresh remembrances, at the long interval of thirty years, of what he was, how he looked, and how he spake—of the singular power in one that died so young to impress himself permanently on the hearts and memories, not of personal friends alone, but of a whole community—of the persuasive eloquence of his lips, and the yet more subduing eloquence of his life; all conspired to give to the scene a peculiar tenderness and solemnity. Several hundred persons were present; but the deep silence that pervaded the crowd was altogether in accordance with the occasion.*

After the assembly had retired, a few only of the immediate friends and relatives of Mr. Buckminster remaining, the coffin containing the body of the late Mrs. Farrar, his elder sister, was brought and deposited by the side of her brother. To those who had known this estimable and lovely lady, who knew also, as many knew, the peculiar strength and tenderness of the tie that united the brother and sister in life, the spectacle of their remains thus united in death was exceedingly touching.†

It cannot be inappropriate here, and we are certain it will not fail of being interesting to many, to add that the remains of Rev. Samuel C. Thacher, Pastor of the New South Church in this city, the intimate friend, fellow-traveller, and biographer of Mr. Buckminster now lie interred in the sepulchre of his fathers. They were first buried in January, 1818, in an ancient cemetery at Moulins in France, in which city he died. Many years afterwards a clergyman of this city, in passing through Moulins, sought the grave of one whose name he had been taught to honor, and after some inquiry found it in a corner of the deserted and grass-grown burial-ground. It was easily distinguished by

* Mr. Buckminster was a native of Portsmouth N. H., was graduated at Cambridge in 1800, was ordained as Pastor of the Brattle Street Church January 30, 1805, and died June 9, 1812, at the commencement of his twenty-ninth year. The volumes of his sermons which have been published may give a stranger an acquaintance with his style of pulpit address, but no one who has not lived in this community can apprehend the influence which he established in the few years of his connexion with Boston, and which is still felt as well as remembered.

† Mrs. Farrar before her marriage lived for many years with her brother, as the head of his family; and took the liveliest interest in everything that concerned him. She wrote the letter published in the Memoir of his life by his friend Rev. S. C. Thacher, in which the indications of genius and character, so remarkably developed in his childhood and early youth, are with great sweetness of sisterly affection delineated.

the inscription upon the stone slab, which time had covered with its moss, but had not effaced. Close beside were the similarly marked graves of two Englishmen, who had also died in a foreign land. Another spot having been consecrated as the place of interment for the inhabitants of Moulins, most of the bodies once deposited in this ancient ground had been removed, and the land itself, we were informed, had been laid out for building, and would soon be sold without regard to the dust of its remaining occupants. Intelligence of these changes having been communicated to Mr. Thacher's family, arrangements were made by them for the removal of his remains to this country. The consent of the municipality of Moulins, which it was necessary to procure, was obtained, and with some formalities, demanded in all such cases by the laws of France, the body was exhumed and brought to the seashore, whence it was transported to this country; and on the afternoon of April 4, 1839, was deposited in the family tomb at Milton.

In the Memoir prefixed to the volume of Mr. Thacher's Sermons published after his death, Mr. Greenwood begins one of the most touching paragraphs ever written with the simple words, "It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our own home." We felt the truth of this sentiment, as perhaps few can ever feel it, as we looked on the house in which Mr. Thacher spent the last weeks of his life,—standing directly upon the main street of the city of Moulins, with the apartment in which he died in the rear, affording no other prospect than lay within the compass of a small court-yard. It was a sad place in which to breathe his last, for one who knew that anxious and tender hearts were longing for his return to his own New England; and though the kindness of those about him may have alleviated his pains, we felt, as we left the spot, that it must have been a true faith in God which could take away from the soul all discontent or impatience at the trial which death under such circumstances must have brought. "How much is expressed by that form of Oriental benediction, *May you die among your kindred.*" God grant that our death-bed be made in our native land.

ANNIVERSARIES IN BOSTON.—We have noticed the anniversary meetings, held in this city last May, in which our readers might be expected to take most interest. A brief mention of some, among the many, conducted by other denominations is all for which we have room; after noticing two which were not, and we trust will never be, confined to any sect.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEMPERANCE UNION celebrated their fourth anniversary at the Odeon, Hon. James G. Carter, of Lancaster, pre-

siding. The Report of the Executive Committee showed a great decrease in the use both of ardent spirits and of wine, and of course in the traffic. A great change has taken place in regard to the granting of licenses. "The counties of Hampshire, Essex, Plymouth, Bristol, Barnstable, Nantucket, and Dukes grant no licenses; Suffolk, Norfolk, and Berkshire, none for ardent spirits; Worcester, Hampden, and Franklin issue none except when an approbation is produced; Middlesex alone grants all sorts of licenses, to all sorts of persons, in all sorts of places." A large number of Temperance publications have been circulated; among them 10,000 octavo pages of music, and 9600 picnic songs. "The original number of the Union was 400; it is now above 6000." The meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. Edwards, Mr. Hawkins, and Dr. Jewett.

The PRISON DISCIPLINE SOCIETY held their public meeting at Park Street Church. An abstract of the Annual Report was read by the Secretary, Rev. Louis Dwight, after which addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Allen, of Worcester, Walter Channing, M. D., of Boston, Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Newark, N. J., Rev. G. Abbot, and Rev. Mr. Kirk. In the Report an account was given of Jacob Hodges, a colored man, once an inmate of the Auburn prison, to which he had been condemned for the crime of murder, but where he became a reformed man and a sincere Christian, and upon leaving prison maintained a most exemplary life till his death which took place at Canandaigua, N. Y. a few weeks since. The Report is said to have shown, "that crime is diminishing at the rate of about two or three per cent annually." The condition of Penitentiaries was exhibited, some of them being pronounced excellent, others defective, and others decidedly bad. The house of Correction at South Boston is among the best in the country or the world. The condition of lunatics was also made a subject of remark; of 17000 now in the United States, only 3000 are under proper treatment.

THE MASSACHUSETTS MISSIONARY SOCIETY celebrated their forty-third anniversary this year. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Wood, of West Springfield, Rev. Mr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Rev. Dr. Robbins, and Rev. Dr. Patton, of New York. "Seventy-five churches have been under the Society's patronage during some portion of the year; fifty-three of which are under the care of pastors." "Only three pastors have been dismissed, and nine have been settled; showing that the *pastoral office is more permanent in these missionary fields than any where else in the State.*"* "The collections [for benevolent religious purposes] in

* We question the correctness of this inference; but the occurrence of such a remark in the connection in which it stands is a proof of the lamentable instability of the pastoral office of late years.

sixty-one congregations have been equal to about one half the amount which these sixty-one churches received from the Missionary Society,"—a significant fact. "The whole amount realized from Massachusetts to the cause of Home Missions during the year is \$22,526.57."

The "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON" were addressed by Rev. President Beecher, Rev. Mr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Nestorian Mission, Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian Bishop, and Rev. Mr. Kirk. Mar Yohannan spoke in his native language, while Mr. Perkins translated what he said, of the contrasts which this country presents to his own. "He has been travelling in this country for four months, and has not met any body with a sword. He sees books everywhere, in the steam-boats and in the rail-road cars. In his country the sword is every where seen. He would like to have you exchange—or at least, if you do not want the sword, give them the good books." From the Report it appears that special efforts have been made the last year to introduce the volumes issued or adopted by this Society into families; 53,753 volumes, including 611 "Evangelical Family Libraries" of 15 vols. each, and 118 "Christian Libraries" of 45 vols. have been circulated. The practice of *colportage*, to which Protestants have resorted for the sale of Bibles and other works in Catholic countries of Europe, seems to have been introduced into our country.

The SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, after the reading of the annual Report, "full of thrilling anecdotes of seamen," were addressed by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, of New York, Rev. Mr. Chickering, of Portland, Me., Rev. Mr. Copp, of Sag Harbor, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Patton, of New York, Rev. Mr. May, of England, and Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Boston. The importance of providing a new Sailor's Home, that should furnish larger accommodation than the present, was particularly urged.

The MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, besides the annual Report, listened to addresses from Rev. Mr. Wood, of West Springfield, Rev. Mr. Baker, of Medford, Rev. Mr. Means, of Concord, and Rev. Mr. Stearns, of Cambridgeport.

Meetings were held in behalf of the AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, and the FOREIGN EVANGELICAL SOCIETY; at the former of which it was stated that "*the whole debt of the Board had been liquidated.*" Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Newark N. J., Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Nestorian Mission, Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian Bishop, and Rev. Mr. Kirk were the speakers. Mar Yohannan spoke in English, but dismissed the meeting "*with the benediction in his native tongue.*" We fear, there was more gratification of curiosity than uplifting of the devotional sentiment from this last act. The interests of the F. E. Society were advocated by Rev. Dr. Edwards, Rev. Mr. May, of England, Rev. Mr. Washburn,

recently returned from a tour in Europe, and Rev. Mr. Kirk, who said that "this Society was designed to take a field of operations lying between that occupied by our Domestic and Foreign Mission Societies. They have determined to do what they can to reach with *Evangelical* influence Continental Europe, some of the Mediterranean Islands, and South America. He himself was about to withdraw from the active agency of this Society; but it was expected that Rev. Mr. Baird would return from Europe and present the subject in this country."

MORNING PRAYER MEETINGS were held in Park Street church during the anniversary week, at which statements were made from different parts of the Commonwealth and from other States respecting the recent "revivals." Rev. Gorham Abbot said, he had collected facts in regard to the revival in Boston with considerable care. "According to his statement the aggregate of admissions to the Methodists is 705; to the several Baptist churches 1043; and of reputed converts in the several Orthodox churches 725; and he concluded that 3000 would not be an exaggerated estimate in the whole." Rev. Mr. Winslow said, "this whole business of reckoning by numbers, as computed by different denominations, was fallacious;" and both he and others seem to have thought that too much might have been allowed to other denominations, and too little to their own.—We are struck by the use of the word "Orthodox" in the paper from which we prepare our account. Once it was regarded as a term broad enough to cover the principal sects in the country who concurred in holding opinions rejected by Unitarians, but now it seems that Methodists and Baptists are excluded from the field of Orthodoxy. Are the Trinitarian Congregationalists ready to pronounce them heretics?

The Sermon before the PASTORAL ASSOCIATION was preached by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree. The Boston correspondent of the *New York Observer* remarks, that "a part of it was against 'new measures' and evangelism, and it was highly approved by all whose opinions I have heard."

The BAPTIST anniversaries appear to have been attended with unusual interest and satisfaction. The editor of the *Christian Watchman* describes the value of these anniversary meetings in such just terms that we cannot but copy his words. "Impressions have been made, friendships formed and renewed, and holy purposes strengthened, which will not soon be lost. This is the wealth which such a season should accumulate,—better feelings, more comprehensive charity, extended brotherly love, self-conquering, diffusive benevolence, zeal according to knowledge; and more enlightened, steady, united action in the cause of Christ."

The meetings in this denomination began on Monday evening, May 23, with a series of "REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE MEETINGS" which were continued on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning. Ministers from different towns in the State, and some who had been residing or travelling in distant parts of the country related what had fallen under their observation in the conversion of the irreligious and the increase of the churches. In many places large numbers had been brought to confess Christ before men.

On Tuesday forenoon the MASSACHUSETTS CONFERENCE OF BAPTIST MINISTERS met, when an Essay was presented by Rev. S. B. Swaim, of Worcester, on the "Claims of the Future upon the Present Ministry." The subject of the Essay being always open to discussion, much satisfaction was expressed with the views that had been offered. Rev. Mr. May, from Barnstable, in England, was introduced to the Conference and made a brief and pertinent address; after which "a free course of remarks followed, in which several brethren participated." In the evening the annual sermon was delivered by Rev. J. Banvard, of Salem. With the exception of this last exercise, the Conference seems to resemble our Berry Street Conference in design and in the manner in which it is conducted.

THE NEW ENGLAND SABBATH SCHOOL UNION met in the Bowdoin Square church on Tuesday afternoon. The annual Report exhibited a prosperous state of affairs. The receipts of the year had exceeded \$11,000. Still more funds are needed. "The Board have on hand a number of manuscripts approved and ready for publication, but have not the means to publish them." Pains had been taken to collect the statistics of the Baptist Sabbath Schools in New England, and the result gave as the number of schools, 662, (of which 198 are in Massachusetts;) Teachers, 7037; Scholars, 56,265. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Banvard, of Salem, Rev. Mr. Eaton, of Hartford, Rev. Dr. Babcock, Rev. Mr. Welsh, and Rev. Mr. Peck, from Illinois.

THE BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY BOARD held a public meeting on Thursday afternoon, the interest in which was so great that it was continued, by successive adjournments, on Thursday and Sunday evenings. An abstract of the annual Report was read, from which it appeared that there are now under the care of this Board "20 missions, 100 stations and out-stations, 99 American missionaries and assistants (45 of them preachers,) 111 native preachers and assistants, 50 schools, about 1000 scholars and nearly [?] 77 churches, and more than 3700 members. Of these missions, eight are to the Western Indians, three in Europe, one in West Africa, and eight in Asia." Of the 3700 church-members nearly 800 were received the past year; "more than 200 of whom were among

the Cherokees and other Indian tribes." We would draw the attention of those who doubt the usefulness of missionary operations among the Indians to this fact. The interests of the Board were advocated and the duty of making larger contributions to promote its objects was urged by Rev. Dr. Babcock, Rev. Dr. Patterson, Secretary of the Board, Rev. Mr. Coldecott, Levi Farwell, Esq., Rev. Mr. Evans, Rev. Dr. Sharp, President of the Board, President Wayland, Rev. Messrs. Stowe, and Ide, Rev. Jesse Bushyhead, a native Cherokee preacher, Rev. Messrs. Bennett, Galusha, Cushman, and Hague. Mr. Bushyhead gave an account of the introduction of Christianity among the Cherokees, and the traditions which were current among them previously. "The Moravians were the first missionaries who visited them, the Presbyterians followed, then the Methodists, and next the Baptists. *"There are now about 4000 professors of religion among the Cherokees; of whom about 1000 are Baptists."* We copy what he is reported to have said of the

CHEROKEE TRADITIONS.—"About thirty years ago they were in a savage and heathen state. They had an idea of a God, traditions of the fall and flood, and some form of religious worship. They supposed that two were first created who were holy and happy. This pair had two sons who were taught by their father to hunt. They could not succeed however in killing any game; and wondered how their father could. One day they followed him into the forest and saw him go and open a gate, shoot some game and then shut it again. After he had gone they went and opened the gate; but instantly the game rushed out and spread all over the forest. Their father heard the noise and came running to the place. He told them that he intended to have shown them sometime this gate, so that they could always get their game easily; but now they would be obliged to *hunt* for it. Such was the Cherokee tradition of the fall. As to the flood, they supposed that God had a beloved son who was bitten by a serpent. God wept at his misfortune; and his tears caused the flood. They suppose that God lives in the seventh heavens; where there are trees, &c. as on the earth, but everything is white. He has made the sun and fire as agents to watch over the earth: and smoke is the messenger to carry up tidings to Him. When they killed a deer, they would burn a piece and the smoke would bear up their request for more. There are four other agents, they supposed; in the East a red man, in the North a blue, in the West a black, and in the South a yellow. To these they addressed their prayers, as deities. They had an idea of a future existence. All except murderers they supposed would live forever, without any trouble, in happy hunting-grounds. Murderers would go far West to the black man to live there alone. Their priests practised arts of conjuration which they kept secret. To them the tribe would resort in case of war or of sickness; and as they were supposed to be able to kill, as well as cure, they had great power over the superstitious people."

How different the picture that may now be drawn of their faith and condition; although in these traditions one can trace a resemblance to the Scriptural narratives. We have seen how many have been converted to Christianity. Mr. Bushyhead added further particulars.

"As a nation they have formed a constitution and adopted laws similar to yours. They choose their rulers in the same way. Each officer is obliged to take the oath on entering upon his charge; and no one is a legal witness in a court of justice who does not believe in a God and in a future state of rewards and punishments. Free schools are established by law. The law prescribed that only 60 should attend each school; but when the first school was opened, 70 came the first day. They have passed a law forbidding the sale of intoxicating drink under a penalty to the offenders of having their liquor wasted and paying a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$500. Nothing but the Bible and the missionary has done all this."

Other Societies held their annual meetings as usual, but we do not find any report of them in the *Watchman*.

FRENCH PROTESTANT LIBERAL JOURNAL.—A year or more since, we gave some account (*Miscellany* IV. 178-180) of the establishment of a religious journal in Paris, devoted to the interests of free and simple Christianity. Although not bearing the title of Unitarian, it is sustained by those who, rejecting the doctrines of Calvinistic and Trinitarian theology, embrace substantially what are called Arian views. We have lately received the numbers of this journal, from its commencement in January, 1841, to the present season. Its title, *Le Lien*, is borrowed from the expression of the Apostle in Ephesians iv. 3, "Keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." It is published every Saturday, in a quarto form, of eight pages. In rapidly looking over the numbers we have been struck with the resemblance between the plan pursued by the editor, and that adopted in similar journals in this country. Each number (for the most part) contains what may be called a doctrinal article, in which prevalent views of Christianity are examined or correct opinions are presented—a practical article, often under the title of "Meditation"—one or more reviews, sometimes brief, sometimes extended, of recent religious books—and a department of religious intelligence; besides which occasional articles on Scripture or ecclesiastical history, and of correspondence and poetry, are given.

From the first number of the second volume (January 1, 1842) we learn that the success of *Le Lien* has fully equalled the expectations of its projectors. The editor, the Pastor Rouville, remarks that the principles which it has advocated have been cordially received both within and without "our churches," and that numerous testimonies have been given of the good influence of the journal upon the interests of religious liberty, piety, and harmony of sentiment.—We shall take occasion again to refer to these papers, and draw something from them for our own pages.